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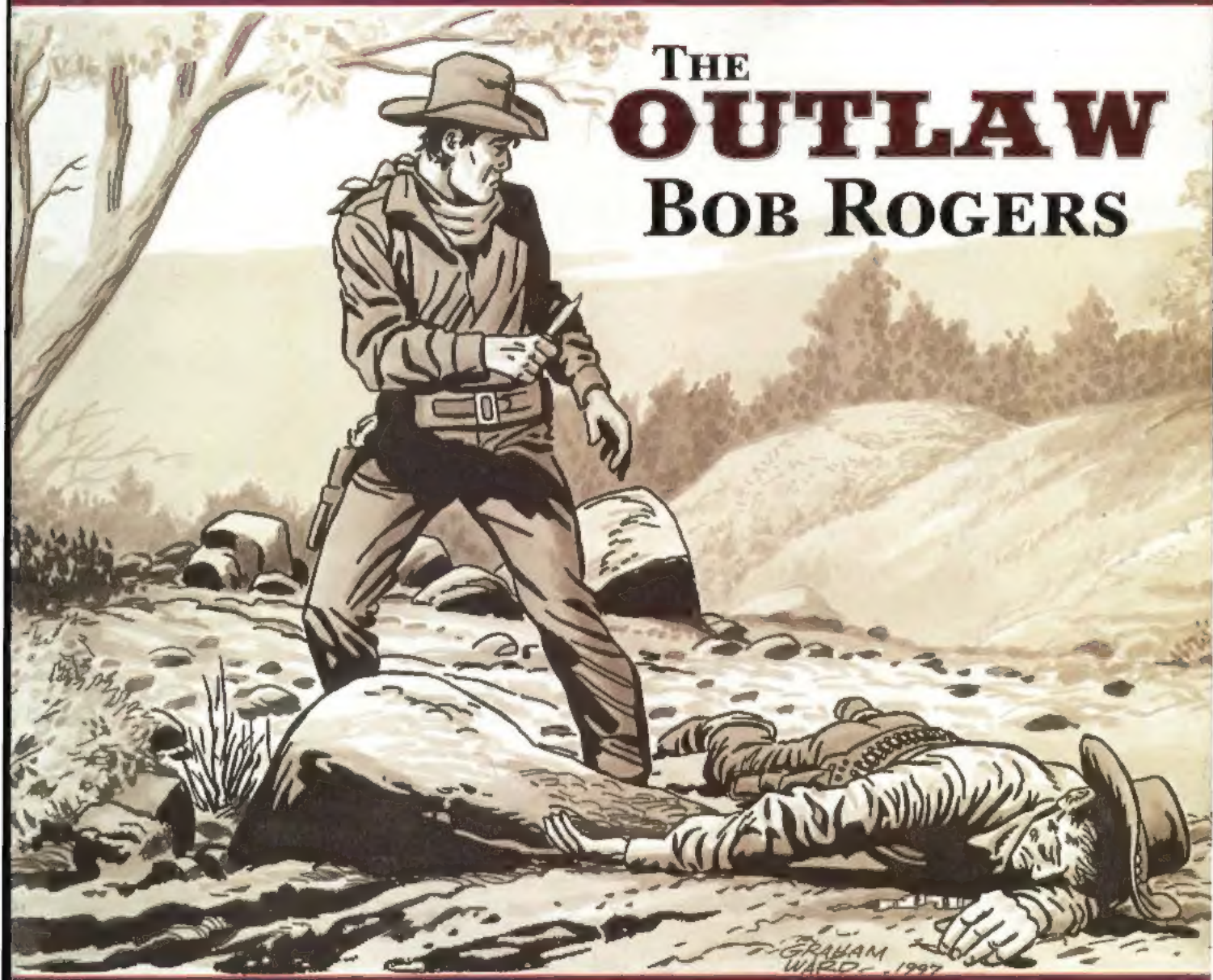

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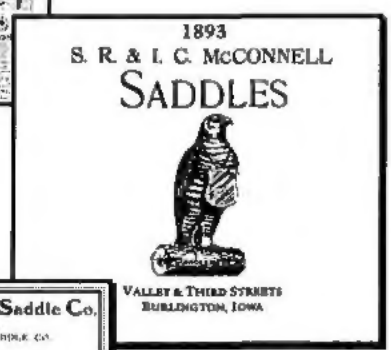

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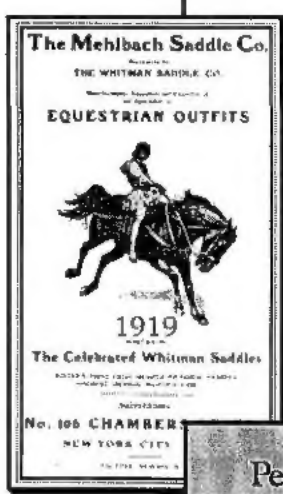

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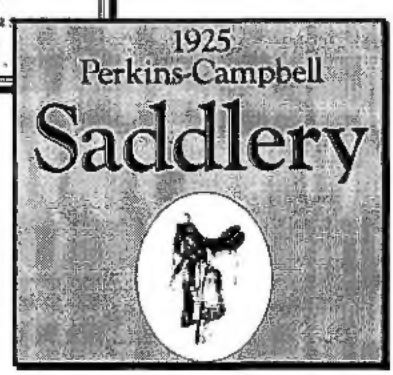

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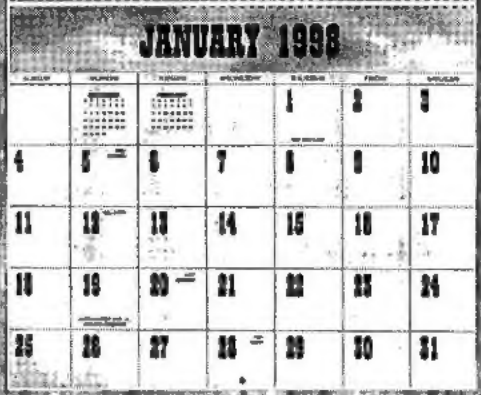

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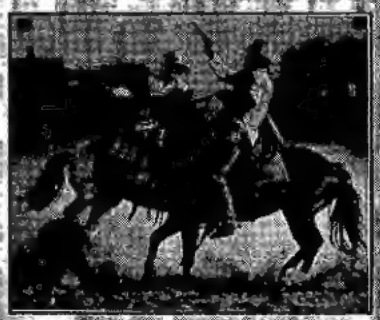

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TRUE WEST

January 1998
Vol. 45, No. 1
Whole No. 357

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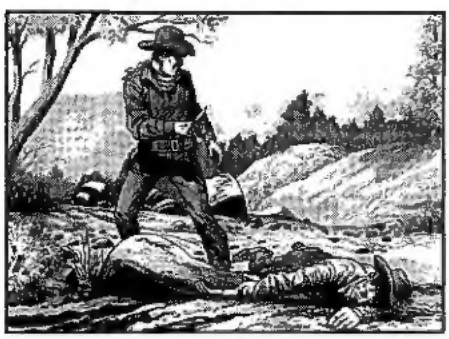
Our Cover

Bob Rogers & the Death of Jess Elliott
By Graham Ward



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From the Editor

Howdy ya'll!

Remind me to keep my big trap shut in the future. A couple of issues ago I invited you folks to grab a sheet of paper, write down what you think of the mag, and stick it in the mail to us. Well dang it, we got so many letters and postcards that the postman almost broke his back toting the pouch.

Some of you folks (who shall remain nameless) even accepted my challenge and sent your photos. Many thanks for that; we got 'em hanging on the wall for all to see. The rest mainly sent their likes, dislikes, suggestions, and memories of issues past.

We learned a lot from your letters; enough to take your great suggestions and make a few changes.

More than a few of you found it most difficult to read the magazine the way we had it laid out. Seems our justification, which is a fancy word for the way the columns line up, was throwing way too many hyphens into places they didn't belong. So, we are moving to this "ragged right" style to fix the problem. Or at least we hope.

One reader expressed a concern that we didn't use enough maps, and suggested we publish a small map with each story pinpointing in which state it occurred. Another great idea!

Another sore spot for many of you folks was "Westsketch" and the crossword puzzle. Well, I thought 'er over long and hard, and finally had to toss a coin to help make up my own mind on the matter. It was heads, so...

Looks like Adam Wallenta's cartoon will be moving to *Old West*. But not to fear, for all those who like the cartoons, I'm going to substitute "West Sketch" with Graham Ward's smaller "Saddle Pals." Beside being a veteran cartoonist with titles such as "Red Rider" and "The Outlaw Kid" under his belt, Ward did this month's cover. His style is very reminiscent of the western serial cartoons of the 1950s, a perfect way to celebrate *True West*'s humble beginings way back in 1953.

Also moving to the pages of *Old West* will be the column "Trails Grown Dim." We simply don't get enough letters each month to make it a regular feature in *True West*.

Since our Forty-fifth Anniversary is coming up, we've been thinking of ways to celebrate. It has been suggested that we run some of Hosstail's old editorials, author's biographies, classic story reprints, and even a few new regular columns. We'll let you know when we decide what to do.

In the meantime, ya'll keep sending your suggestions. Keep sending those photos too. I reckon if we break the 500 mark I'll share my photo, right here on my gabbin' page.

Marcus Huff

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BILLY'S BLADE DISPUTED

In the November issue of *True West*, the knife that Billy the Kid was holding when he was killed by Sheriff Pat Garrett was reported to be found.

This is contained in the "Answer Man" column by Chuck Parsons. The information and accompanying photo regarding the butcher knife came courtesy of Frederick Nolan, author of *The Lincoln County War: A Documentary History*. The provenance of the knife by Nolan claims Billy was at Celsa Gutierrez's house and he picked up the knife there.

This is not consistent with the historical record which states Billy the Kid was at Jesus Silva's home prior to being killed. Silva's account can be found in Miguel Otero's *The Real Billy the Kid with New Light on the Lincoln County War.*

Francisco Lobato, with whom Billy visited the Silva home that night, corroborated Silva's account in Otero's book. Further evidence recently obtained by the author from Luciano Frank Silva, grandson of Jesus Silva, places Billy at the Silva residence before his death. Jesus Silva was a member of the coroner's jury that viewed the Kid's body and was involved with the subsequent burial of Billy the Kid.

Silva's account represents first hand knowledge and should be accorded great weight. Therefore, a careful review of the documentation that Nolan has provided is needed before claiming that this was the knife Billy the Kid had when he was killed.—*Chris Roberts, Brooklyn, New York.*

Editor's Note: Mr. Frederick Nolan was supplied a copy of Mr. Chris Robert's letter, and a chance to respond.

In replying to Mr. Roberts, let me begin by pointing out that the unsupported statements of Jesus Silva and Francisco Lobato which he cites are oral testimony which, like practically all recollections of the people who "knew" Billy the Kid—and as careful students of the subject know, there is a book full of them—cannot and do not constitute "the historical record." The statements of Silva and Lobato also have to be considered also in the light of the filter—Miguel Otero—through which they passed.

The provenance of the butcher knife, however, is impeccably documented. It has been in the unbroken possession of descendants of the Maxwell family since 1881. It was identified as such by people who were there when the Kid died, and made sworn and documented statements before a notary public to that effect. Deluvina Maxwell, who was the first person into the room after the Kid was killed identified the knife. Ursula Pacheco y Baca, born in 1866, who knew the Kid in his lifetime and attended his funeral, identified it. Candido Gutierrez, the son of Celsa Guiterrez, identified it and said he saw the Kid—who was staying in the Guiterrez house—pick up the knife, which belonged to his mother.

All these parties confirm that the knife was owned by Paulita Maxwell's daughter, Adelina Jaramillo (later Welborn). Before her death, Adelina bequeathed the knife to her daughter, Ollie, who married Robert S. Swanson. He has in turn executed a sworn affadavit documenting this descent of the knife in the family, together with a full description and notarized pho-

SADDLE PALS **By Graham Ward**

WILL KETCHUM, YUH GAVE A GREAT SPEECH ABOUT BEIN' AN HONEST SHERIFF! SAYIN' YUH'D NEVER PAY A DOLLAR FOR A VOTE!
HMMM! I MAY HAVE GONE TOO FAR SAYIN' THAT I'D NEVER PAY FOR A VOTE... A FEW FOLKS CHEERED, BUT MOST GOT UP AN' LEFT!
Graham Ward
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tographs of it taken by him.

Further confirmation of the survival of the knife and its ownership by the Swanson family may be found, if required, in a history of the Jaramillo family published in 1989. I believe all this makes the documentation irrefutable, but of course, where Billy the Kid is concerned, everything is open to debate. What do *True West* readers think?—*Frederick Nolan, England.*

And Now for Something Completely Different...

We thoroughly enjoyed the special "Strange Tales of the West" October issue of *True West.* With your permission we will use this opportunity to appeal to your readers for assistance with our own research.

The Heartland Research Project investigates and compiles accounts of unexplained phenomena such as UFOs, ghosts and hauntings, bigfoot, spook lights, premonitions, and things such as chunks of ice, frogs, or fish falling from the sky. *True West* readers who have had experiences with these or any other type of unexplained event are asked to send all available information to the Heartland Research Project, Box 440, Lockwood, MO 65682.—*Sam Uptegrove, Director, Heartland Research Project.*

By the Light of the Moon

I am a faithful reader and long time subscriber to your magazine and have seen almost every kind of question addressed. I have a question which has been under long discussion (and some really amusing conjecture) which I hope you will be able to help me with.

How did the quarter moon on the outhouse door originate? Where and by whom? If there is a significance, what is it?—*Billy T. McGahey, Alpine, Texas.*

Editor's Note: Well, Mr. McGahey, it just so happens that I am privy to the information you're looking for.

The outhouse moon, serving mainly as a vent, dates back to a time when the majority of folks couldn't read. The moon designated a ladies facility; a sun, or star, was the symbol for the men's.

Over the years the designs were dropped and the moon became the prominent symbol in outhouse lore.

Hearing the West

I am a listener of your magazine. I am legally blind and receive your magazine on record. Thank you for the great job you've been doing and keep up the good work! You really help persons like myself "see" the West.

My request is for more stories of women in the West and possibly some romance or dating scenes from that era. Thanks again for making it so real for me.—*Rosalie Stoven, via the Internet.*

Any Bidders?

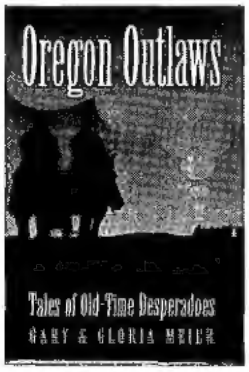
The last time I wrote to Western Publications ol' Hosstail owned it. That puts a little age on me.

I am writing to see if you know of anyone who wants my collection of your magazines. Some go back to when Fred Gibson was editor in the 1950s. I have been retired for three years and my wife and I want to see some of the places we have been reading about for forty years. We are going to sell our house and buy a motor home to go exploring this big wide country of ours. I want to sell my books and magazines to someone who will enjoy them. Thanks for over forty years of good reading.—*Doyle Hawk, 4327 W. State Road 45, Nashville, IN 47448.*

Your letters and comments are welcome. Please keep letters to 300 words or less. All letters received by Western Publications will be considered for publication unless otherwise stipulated in the letter. Space does not permit us to print all letters we receive. Be sure to include full name, address, and zip code. Photos are welcome. Address all letters to Western Publications, PO Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076. E-mail us at, Western@cowboy.net. Due to the volume of mail, we cannot forward correspondence to people whose letters appear in "Truly Western."

GARY & GLORIA MEIER

Oregon Outlaws



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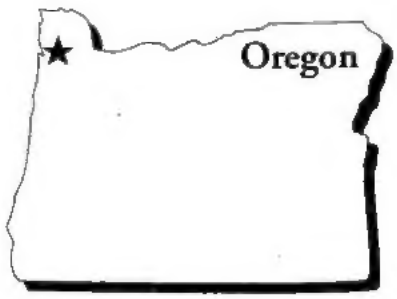
TILLAMOOK HEAD LIGHTHOUSE

BY JUDY LYNN HEDBERG

Nights begin thick with shadows and sounds. The glacier carved beauty of the Pacific Northwest can credit the sea as master carver, providing few sheltered coves and many forested capes rising hundreds of feet above Oregon's share of the Pacific Ocean. Gulls wheel above the waters swirling below Tillamook Rock, for they dare not land. The rock supports one of the most exposed stations on the Pacific Coast, Tillamook Head Lighthouse, where a long-fought-for manned mariners' warning once illuminated the nights.



Considered one of the greatest engineering achievements of lighthouse construction, given the difficulty of the task and technology available, the Tillamook Head Lighthouse was built by the United States government in 1881.

More than a mile offshore from majestic Tillamook Head, huge waves sweep over the rock, pounding lighthouse walls like angry giants who never wanted it built in the first place. So sterile is this place that seamen say the devil couldn't raise hell on it.

John Trewavas, a master mason, had the reputation of being able to build lighthouses where it was thought impossible. He never got a chance to prove it again. He used caution, but in vain. Initially sent to Tillamook Rock in September 1879 to survey the site, Trewavas climbed up the rock's eastern face, only to fall and disappear into the raging sea. Much blame was launched against federal officials, but they continued, secretly, to pursue the project. A construction crew was chosen and housed in an isolated location. Although a weathered lot, even they doubted the task could be accomplished. Faced with the raw power of nature running wild, the first men put ashore were so terrified by the monstrous waves that they, having no intention of spending longer than minutes on the rock, jumped into the sea and were rescued by lifeline.

The remaining crew persisted but couldn't establish a foothold until October, when a revenue cutter, the *Corwin*, landed them along with provisions, blankets, water, and tools. A gale blew up, dropping away the cutter and marooning them. Waves broke completely over the rock, loosening huge boulders. Wave after wave hurled itself forward. Praying against bone chilling cold and certain death, the men waited out the next few days as the cutter repeatedly tried to approach the rock. Weather again forced its retreat to the Columbia River.

More than a week later, the *Corwin* was able to land a superintendent and five more workers. More supplies were pulled across on a cable from a Coast Guard cutter. In spite of the weather, the men endured. Within a few days they'd anchored tools and supplies, built barracks against the ocean's incessant pounding, and blasted and chiseled a level foundation for the

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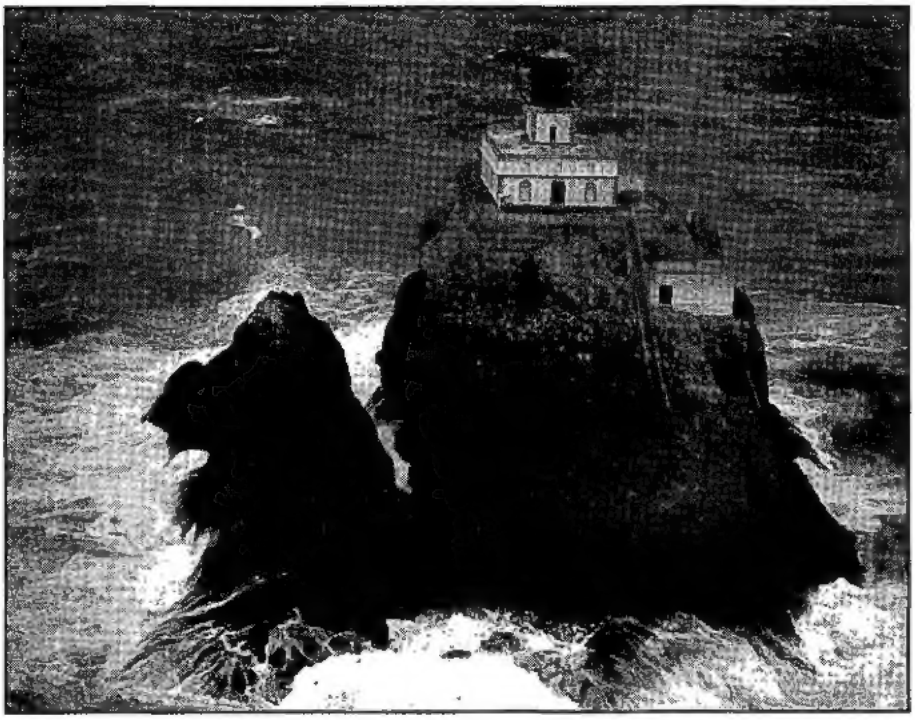
lighthouse.

They labored through winter gales into spring. By May they had lopped off the top of the mountainous rock's crowning point and in June the cutter returned with a load of basalt construction stone. Less than a week later, the cornerstone was laid. No customary ceremony was needed for these men, for they didn't want to be there any longer than it took to complete the light. Six months later the last of the mortar had dried, fixing in place the stones in the light tower and dwelling.

By stormy New Year's Day 1881, the station's enormous first order Fresnel lens was being installed meticulously one prism at a time, until temporarily halted by another storm. Thunder roared, the earth shook throughout the day. That night lighthouse workers heard



Courtesy U.S. Coast Guard District, Seattle, Washington

Tillamook Head Lighthouse, on Tillamook Rock.

FRANK & JESSE RIDE AGAIN!

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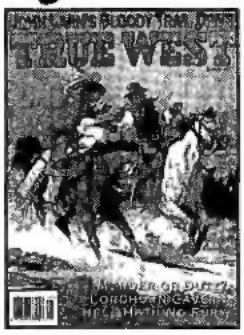

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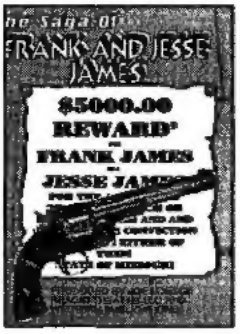

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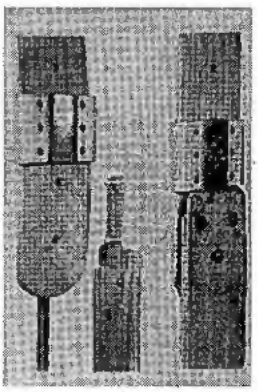

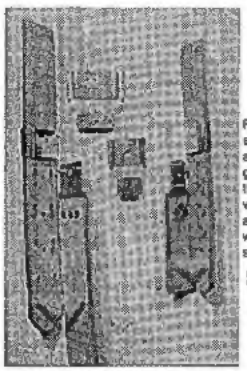

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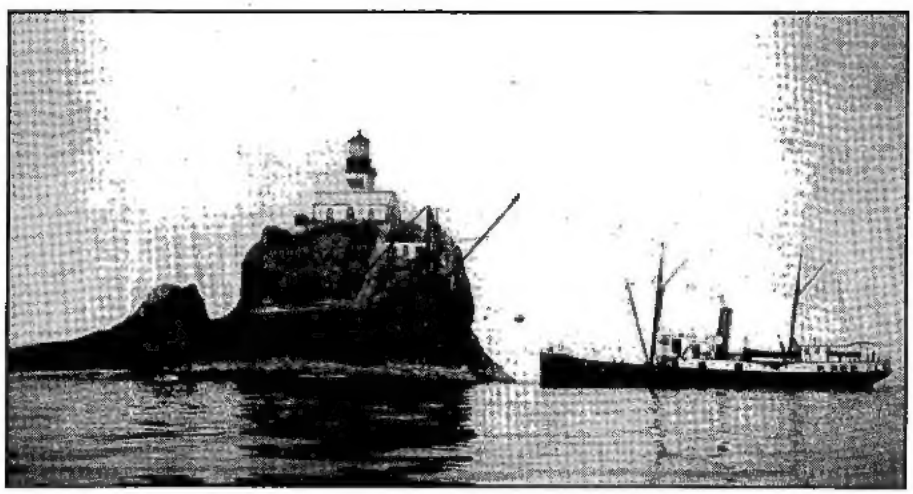

National Archives, Washington, D.C.

Calm waters like these were welcome but rare for lightkeepers of Tillamook Head Lighthouse. Resupplying the crew was a tedious and laborious procedure.

voices calling above the storm's roar and what sounded like a barking dog. Those who ventured out could barely see the ship's shape, a vast, dark hulk looming larger than it was. The men instinctively knew that whatever its size, it was doomed.

Like an animal in the grip of a predator, it was shaken side to side, helpless, until the final grinding crush, and it disappeared. The next morning when the crew ventured out into the feeble, uncertain light, they found the shattered remains of the Japanese ship, *Lupatia*, and a wet, cold dog. In just a matter of days the lighthouse would have been finished and perhaps the disaster averted. As it was, the oil lamp was fired up on January 11, 1881.

Travail didn't end with the building of Tillamook Head Lighthouse. While extensive repairs were being made to the lighthouse following another disastrous storm, a keeper and workman were taken seriously ill as the result of exposure. A cutter attempted to remove them, but after several unsuccessful efforts to send a boat to the rock, it became necessary to remove them by a breeches buoy. Other men were landed on the rock in the same manner replacing those who were ill.

This defiant lighthouse has withstood sea winds and gigantic waves, which still challenge its existence. Although the lantern is 133 feet above sea level, the protective lens has on numerous occasions been shattered by stones hurled by giant waves. Unlike other lighthouses, it was manned until its last days. In September 1957 the light was decommissioned and replaced by an automated buoy.

Since the first known lighthouse, the 200-feet high, bronze Apollo, known throughout history as the Colossus of Rhodes, that stood astride the Harbor of Rhodes, 2,000 years ago, lighthouse stories most often run to a close. Once carefully tended emerald lawns, white washed towers, and clapboard houses have become museums, while others now automated stand alone in timeless serenity. An age has passed.

BARN AGAIN!

By Jan Holden

There's nothing like a barn to remind us of our nation's homespun heritage. The barn, and the weather-toughened tiller of the soil, tell the story of rural America, a story firmly rooted in growth and people's love of the land.

Though barns are not as common to America's landscape as they were in the past, there are efforts being made to preserve these national treasures. The most significant work is being done through the National Trust for Historic

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Preservation, which calls its program, "Barn Again!" Its main focus is directed toward saving old farm buildings—specifically barns.

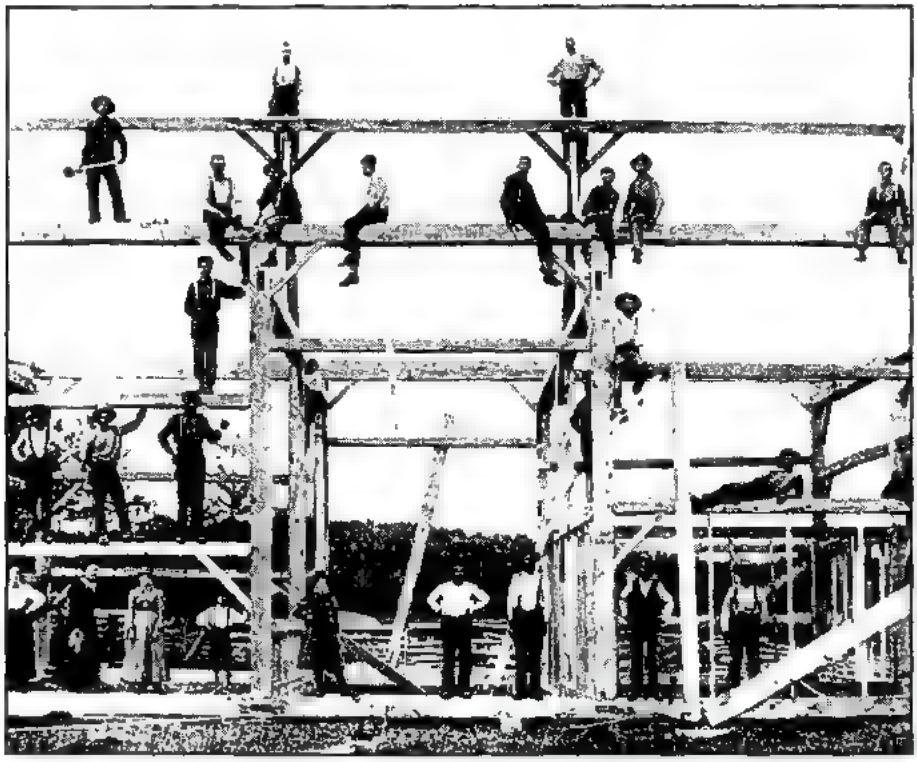
In 1987, when the nation's farmers were caught in the midst of a severe economic crisis, a handful of motivated men and women decided the time had come to save the remaining original barns peppered across the country. The National Trust for Historic Preservation, in partnership with *Successful Farming Magazine,* set out to rescue America's barns and encourage the public to find new uses for these symbols of a bygone era.

Initially, the program borrowed from the talents of experts—men and women specifically skilled in architectural design, engineering, construction, and agriculture. But farmers and ranchers soon became involved—submitting plans and proofs that new life could be breathed into old barns. A contest with cash prizes for the best plans for barn rehabilitation and use met with astounding success. In the first four months of the program, over 500 farmers and ranchers from thirty-five states responded to the call for entries.

The Barn Again! program is still going strong. Publications which give readers basic facts about saving a barn have been mailed to literally thousands of interested men and women. Yearly competitions continue to reward farmers and ranchers for their clever restoration and/or use of historic farm buildings. Workshops and demonstrations occur regularly, particularly in the Midwest, where farming and rural lifestyles have played dominant roles.

Though Barn Again! can't insure the protection of all rural farm buildings, it does increase awareness. That, in itself, is important, considering that the American farm is so much a part of the nation's heritage.

For more information about Barn Again, contact Mary Humstone, Assistant Director, Barn Again! c/o National Trust for Historic Preservation, 910 16th Street, Suite 1100, Denver, Colorado 80202.



Author's Collection

A typical community barn raising, circa 1895.

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BROWN BOWEN'S FIRST VICTIM?

BY CHUCK PARSONS

While researching in the fragile hard copys of the San Antonio *Herald* of 1872, housed at the Texas State Archives in Austin, I recently came across a letter from a person identified only as "Observer," in which a killing was described. The murder had no real justification and is of significance only because it was perhaps the first killing attributed to Joshua Robert "Brown" Bowen.

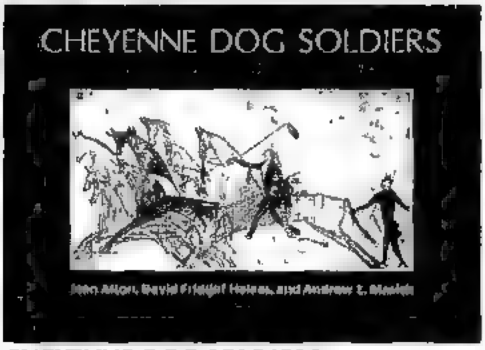
Brown Bowen is primarily remembered as the brother-in-law of John Wesley Hardin. It was Bowen's carelessness that led to Hardin's capture in 1877. While lawmen were pursuing Hardin primarily to collect a $4,000 reward offered by the state of Texas, a lucky break resulted in the capture of Bowen as well, only days later. Hardin and Bowen stood trial for their crimes, Hardin receiving a term of twenty-five years for the killing of lawman Charles Webb and Bowen receiving the sentence of death by hanging for the murder of Thomas Haldeman. Bowen not only thought the verdict was terribly unfair, but he claimed that Hardin was Haldeman's real killer. Nevertheless, Bowen was hanged in 1878. Hardin was later pardoned after serving only sixteen years of his sentence.

When writing the book *Bowen and Hardin*, all I knew of a previous slaying by Bowen was scant: "Yet there are reports of Bowen killing a man prior to that [the Haldeman killing], the killing of a man identified by the name of Phillips, race and name not provided."

In the San Antonio *Daily Herald* of Tuesday, March 5, 1872, a long letter contributed by "Observer" gives details of the Hugh Phillips killing. The letter was written from Riddleville (now Gillett), Texas, on February 28, 1872, only four days after the murder. "Observer" used the spelling "Boen" throughout the letter, but the references clearly refer to Brown Bowen. The letter reads:

Editors Herald

A rather tragical affair occurred



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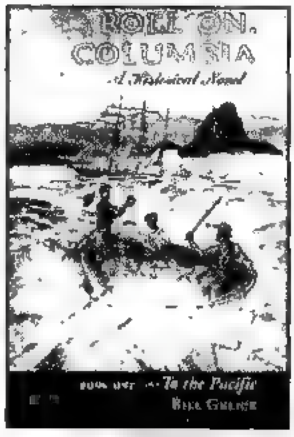

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Author's Collection

J.R. "Brown" Bowen

on Mound Creek, some ten miles distant from this place, last Saturday night [February 24]. Two young men by the name of Phillips, and one or two other persons, were playing cards near the residence of Mr. Asher, on the aforsaid creek, when they were interrupted by the arrival of some three or four men on horseback. It seems that the two Phillips were not on friendly terms with two of the party, viz., one Brown Boen and one Stratton, and a quarrel soon began between young Stratton and one of the Phillips; Stratton drew a pistol and told Phillips to keep his distance. About this time Boen drew a pistol and fired on the said Phillips, who fell dead, he then turned on the other Phillips, who was perhaps running, and fired on him, inflicting a wound in the arm. One of the witnesses says that Stratton also shot almost simultaneously with Boen's first fire, while another says he did not shoot at all.

The two Phillips were unarmed, so your correspondent has been informed. Boen and Stratton mounted their horses and left immediately and have not been heard of since. The act is regarded by the public as an atrocious crime, and the perpertrators of it are condemned before the bar of public opinion. Whether any steps have been taken to effect the arrest of the offenders is more than I can tell. The name of the man killed was Hugh Phillips. Whatever may have been his faults, he was kind-hearted, generous and brave. His brother, who was wounded, is named William Phillips.

As there is "doggery" a few miles from where the affair took place, and as those connected with it, especially young Boen, were in the habit of drinking freely, I suppose King Alcohol was largely instrumental in causing the tragic occurence.

OBSERVER.

"Doggery" in this context suggests a lower class establishment where men drank and caroused. Bowen's companion in the Phillips killing may have been Richard Stratton, who was suspected of being in the mob which broke Bowen out of the Gonzales County, Texas, jail on March 26, 1873 No one ever went to trial for the murder of Hugh Phillips.

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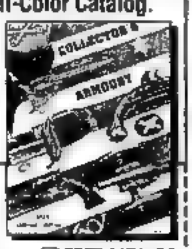

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THAT MASTERSON-McDONALD STANDOFF

BY R.K. DEARMENT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GRAHAM WARD

When the paths of two legendary characters of the Old West converged, new legends often were created. This was the case when two celebrated western lawmen, William B. "Bat" Masterson and Captain William J. "Bill" McDonald of the Texas Rangers, came together in February 1896. Through journalistic hyperbole and exaggerated word-of-mouth accounts, both men were widely known and respected in the West as quick-handed gunfighters, cool in a fight and dangerous to cross. One writer found in their meeting an opportunity to depict a scene of tense melodramatic confrontation.

The Masterson-McDonald encounter came about as a result of one of the most bizarre boxing promotions in ring history. Late in 1895 undefeated American heavyweight champion "Gentleman Jim" Corbett announced his retirement and

Western History Department, Denver Public Library

W.B. "Bat" Masterson as he looked in 1896.

named as his successor Peter Maher, the Irish champion and a top contender for the American title belt. Supporters of the Australian champ, Robert "Ruby Bob" Fitzsimmons, set up a howl. Fitz had already defeated Maher, they said, and therefore he held prime claim to the title.

Dallas gambler Dan Stuart, who had previously tried unsuccessfully to promote a title bout between Corbett and Fitzsimmons, saw a way to resolve the dispute and perhaps make a little money. He proposed a match between Fitzsimmons and Maher for a ten-thousand dollar purse and the right to claim the championship. It would be held in El Paso in February 1896 as the highlight of a "Great Fistic Carnival," featuring other prizefights, shooting contests, baseball and football games, a rodeo, and a bullfight, all to be arranged and promoted by Stuart. El Paso businessmen, anticipating a great influx of liberally spending sporting men, gave their enthusiastic endorsement and began making preparations. When Fitzsimmons and Maher agreed to terms and arrived in El Paso to train for the big battle, sports from around the country began descending on the west Texas town. Bat Masterson came in from Denver and announced that he had chartered a special train to bring in a large contingent of sporting men and ring enthusiasts from Colorado and as far away as Butte, Montana, and Salt Lake City, Utah. The El Paso *Herald* reported that Dan Stuart had named Masterson to head up a squad of Pinkerton guards to enforce order.

But church officials throughout Texas, protesting that prizefighting was both sinful and illegal, denounced the proposed "Fistic Carnival" and pressured state and federal authorities to step in. Texas Adjutant General W.H. Mabry, with orders from Governor Charles A. Culbertson to prevent the fight, appeared at El Paso with Bill McDonald, three other Ranger captains, and almost forty heavily armed enlisted men. When Dan Stuart, taking note of this show of force, hinted that he might move the fight across the nearby state line to New Mexico Territory, United States Marshal Edward Hall arrived in El Paso with thirteen deputy fed-

On the evening of February 20, a special Southern Pacific train of thirteen cars pulled out of El Paso, bound for Langtry, almost 400 miles down the valley of the Rio Grande.

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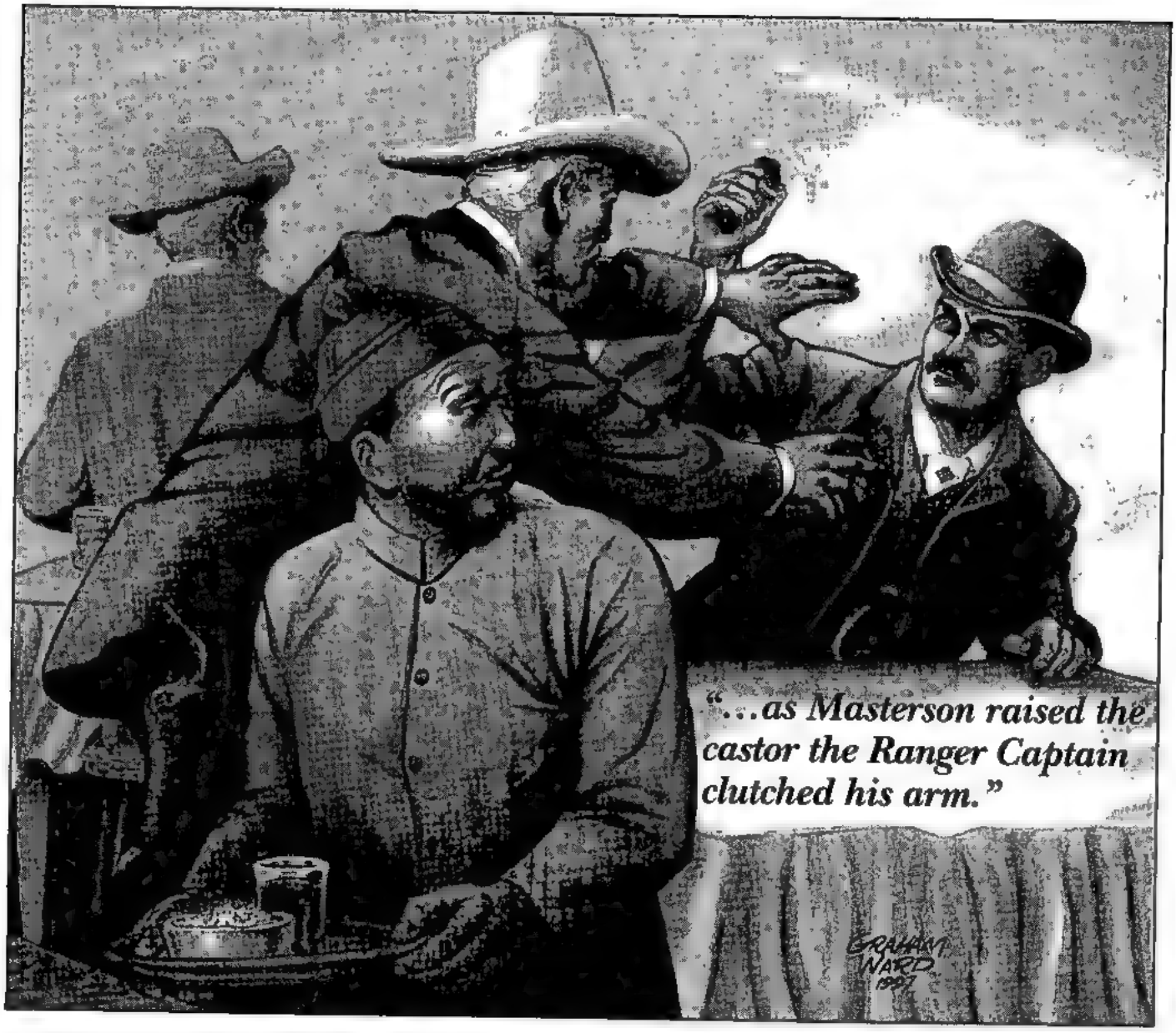
Texas Rangers assembled at El Paso to prevent the Fitzsimmons-Maher prizefight. Bill McDonald is the second from the right, front row.



eral officers to block that maneuver. There were reports that the Mexican government had dispatched *federales* to Juarez to thwart any attempt to hold the bout there.

Just when it appeared that Dan Stuart had run out of options and was stymied, he received a welcome telegram from another legendary frontier figure, Judge Roy Bean of Langtry, Texas: "Invite you to hold fight in Langtry. I am law west of Pecos and guarantee protection."

On the evening of February 20, a special Southern Pacific train of thirteen cars pulled out of El Paso, bound for Langtry, almost 400 miles down the valley of the Rio Grande. Aboard were the two prizefighters, their managers and handlers, promoter Dan Stuart, referee George Siler, Tom O'Rourke, the stakeholder, Bat Masterson and his special security guards, a throng of sporting men, and a swarm of state and federal officers, including Texas Ranger Captain Bill McDonald.

A stop at Sanderson on this trip provided the stage for the Masterson-McDonald confrontation, as reported in a biography of McDonald written by Albert Bigelow Paine and published thirteen years later, in 1909.

"The train bound for Langtry with the pugilistic party and Rangers aboard stopped at Sanderson, a small wayside station in the desert, for lunch," wrote Paine.

Everybody was hungry and hurried over to a Chinese restaurant for something to eat, and the Chinese waiters scurried about to serve them. They were doing their best, but it was not easy to satisfy everybody at once.

Next to Captain McDonald sat Bat Masterson. Bat has since given up all his reckless ways and become a good citizen, but at that time he was training with the unreformed and not feeling very well, anyhow. It seemed to Bat that a Chinese waiter was not getting around as promptly with food as he might and he set in to admonish him.

The Chinaman replied to the effect that he was doing his best,

whereat Masterson decided to correct him with a table-castor. Captain Bill had been sitting quietly, saying nothing, but as Masterson raised the castor the Ranger Captain clutched his arm.

'Don't you hit that man!' he said.

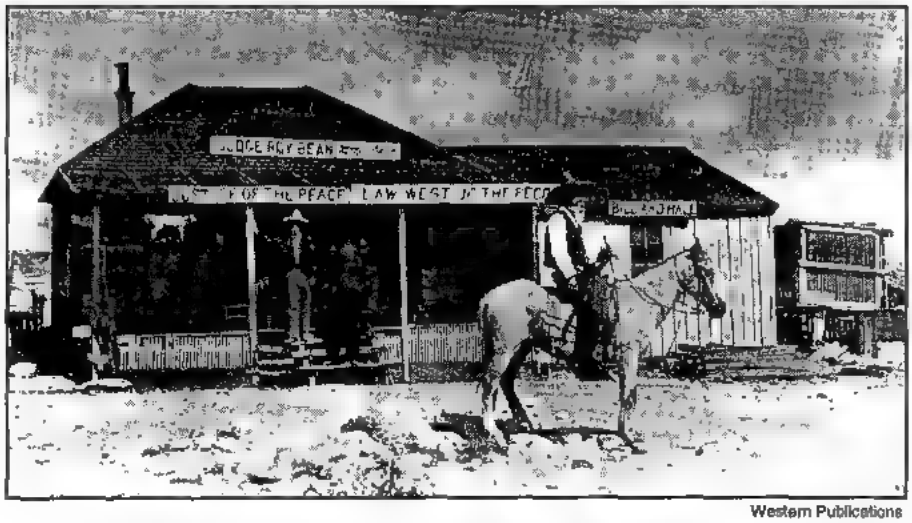
Masterson wheeled.

'Maybe you'd like to take it up!'

Captain Bill regarded him steadily for an instant.

'I done took it up!' was the quiet answer.

The castor was put down. Masterson reflected silently while he waited for his food. Perhaps that was the beginning of his reform



Western Publications

Judge Roy Bean in front of his Jersey Lily saloon, Langtry, Texas

The story as told by Paine in his book, *Captain Bill McDonald, Texas Ranger: A Story of Frontier Reform*, has been repeated in many later publications, including this writer's biography of Masterson and a recent book-length account of the Fitzsimmons-Maher fight promotion by Leo N. Miletich. Paine, however, does not credit McDonald specifically as the source of the story.

Writers have assumed Paine got the details of the incident, together with most of the other tales in the book, from the Ranger captain himself. No witness came forward to either confirm or deny the story for ten years.

In May 1919, Bat Masterson, then a resident of New York City and a columnist on pugilistic affairs for the New York *Morning Telegraph*, saw Paine's book for the firt time. He was vacationing in the South when he came across a copy and purchased it. His reaction appeared in a column a few days later: "While at Hot Springs, Ark., recently, we ran across the life of Bill McDonald in book form written by Albert Bigelow Paine. Having known Bill McDonald a good many years, we naturally had a curiosity to see what the book contained that might interest us, so we added the volume to our collection of Western literature.

"In glancing over the list of contents we ran across these lines: 'The Fitzsimmons-Maher fight that didn't come off at El Paso and why. Captain Bill takes up for a Chinaman.' As we were at the Fitzsimmons-Maher fight in old Mexico, we turned to the page indicated to see what the Paine person had to say about it."

Masterson continued:

> The train left [El Paso] for Langtry about sundown and reached its destination about 10 o'clock the next morning. The writer did not leave the train at any point along the route. Moreover, we do not believe any one left the train for food until Langtry was reached. We never saw a Chinaman from the time we left El Paso until we got back.
>
> We never at any time had a guarrel with Capt. Bill McDonald—not even an angry word with him, and we knew him for many years. The whole Paine story is therefore a brazen, cowardly lie. We understand, of course, that Paine was out to make a hero of Bill McDonald and selected us for the goat. But we'll not forgive this mean, cowardly slanderer for that.

In this and later columns Masterson branded Paine "an accomplished liar," a hack writer who produced "goulash for the magazines. He might even label himself an author now since writing the life of Bill McDonald, the Texas Ranger. In any event, he plumes himself as a literary highbrow, who manages to eke out an existence peddling his goulash to magazines at so much per word."

After the disputed near-conflict in Sanderson, the fight train continued on to Langtry, where the crowd was greeted by Roy Bean in front of his Jersey Lily Saloon. He assured the officers that the boxing match would not take place on American soil, but in old Mexico. After some badly needed liquid refreshment, everyone trouped down to the river where a rickety bridge led to a sand island near the Mexican side and a hastily constructed ring.

Texas Rangers and federal officers found seats on the surrounding bluffs to watch the highly publicized ring battle which had caused such an uproar. It lasted exactly one minute and forty-three seconds. At the end of that time Peter Maher lay prostrate and Bob Fitzsimmons, his hand held high in victory, claimed the heavyweight title of America.

The prizefight and its outcome are a matter of ring history, but far less certain is the truth of the account of the battle which never came off between Masterson and McDonald. Was there ever a dramatic confrontation as described by Albert Bigelow Paine, or was the whole affair only a writer's invention as Masterson hotly contended? We will probably never know.

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Endicott Peab
Really Big Adveni

By S.J. Reidhead

The doors of the Oriental saloon swung open and Billy Claiborne, one of the more cowardly combatants of Tombstone, Arizona's, O.K. Corral gunfight, swaggered out, drunkenly. Watching Tombstone's twenty-four-year-old, Cambridge educated, Episcopal minister walk down the boardwalk, Claiborne spit onto the sidewalk and said, "You tell that no good preacher I intend to kill him if he goes to Charleston next week. If he says anything else about gambling I'm going to make him dance."

Endicott Peabody had also been preaching against the evil of cattle rustling, an art form in which Claiborne and his associates excelled.

Peabody invited Claiborne to church, but the would-be gunman stayed away from the service. According to Billy Breakenridge, Tombstone lawman and author of *Helldorado*, everyone else in nearby Charleston attended. Not only did they want a front row seat for the impending action, but they were also impressed by the minister's eloquence and strength of character. During his mission there, the young minister wrote volumes about the town and residents of Tombstone.

> I came to Tombstone because someone in the community had heard that I was studying for the ministry and urged me to begin in his bailiwick.
>
> The name of the town struck eastern folk as somewhat grim. They discovered later that the place was not as menacing as it

Courtesy Groton School Archives

Endicott Peabody and his cousin Fannie Peabody performing together in a pageant., circa 1880-81.

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sounded....

Reaching Tombstone shortly after midnight, I was shown to a room in the hotel which was overventilated for midwinter owing to both windows and the transom being broken. As I began to open my suitcase, there came a loud knock at the door, and in marched three men....

The chairman of the ministerial committee, one George Parsons, apologized for the lateness of his greeting. He had been involved in a very exciting game of cards and lost track of the time. As soon as he realized his error, he rushed over to the Grand Hotel. Such was Endicott Peabody's introduction to Tombstone on January 28, 1882.

Peabody noted that, "The life in the place was not without its crude, or even cruel features. Shortly before my arrival, there had been a fierce battle between the Earps, brothers who were guardians of the town, and I may say, in my opinion were trustworthy officers, and a band of cowboys who were toting pistols in the town, a practice contrary to law."

In January 1882 Tombstone, with a population of 5,300, was the second largest city in Arizona, larger even than Los Angeles at that time. There was a sizable Episcopalian congregation which was made up of some of the more important citizens in town: the mine owners and managers, many of the leading attorneys, Dr. George Goodfellow, George Parsons, and the Earps. Another member of the church was Ron Price, the son of a former governor of the state of New Jersey. Peabody noted that, "We are up on a table land entirely surrounded by mountains which are beautiful in their outline...The air is pure and delicious and I expect to be very well here....I am surprised to find so many well educated and refined persons. There is a ladies society of 30 females."

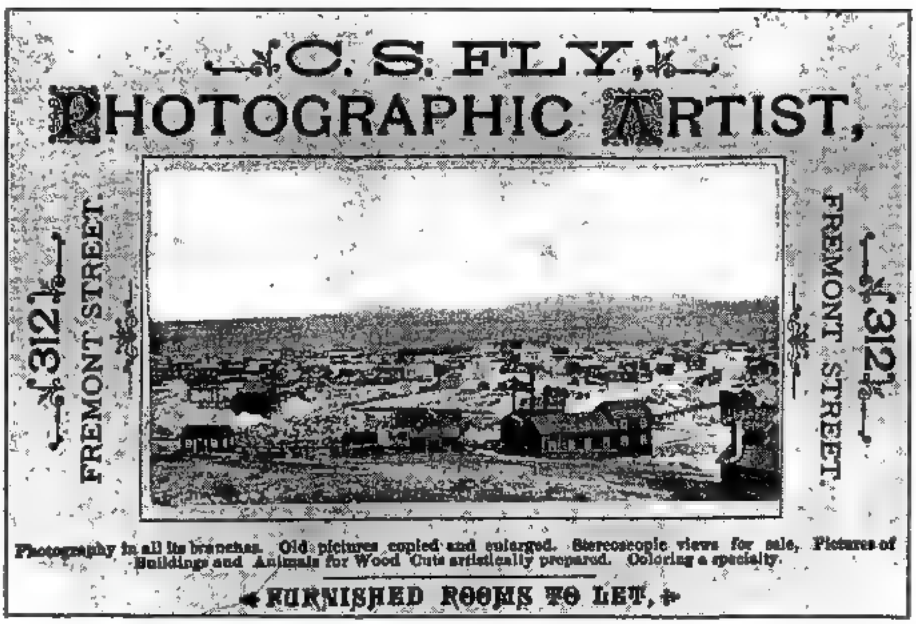
In a January 31 letter to his first cousin, Fanny, who was to become his wife a few years latter, Endicott, or Cotty as he was known to his family, wrote:

In the first place Tombstone is nothing like as bad a place as I had imagined that it would be...There are two respectably large streets in Tombstone which would not look very much out of place in a New England town. Alltho' one would perhaps be shocked by the prosperity of the gin palaces, gambling dens...I had expected to find the only inhabitant might be miners...with at least two pistols stuck in their belts, flannel shirted & all the rest of it. But instead of that, most of the men are very well & opulently dressed & you see no firearms at alltho' as a matter of fact many have them in their pockets....

Three months ago there was a fight between the marshals & the cowboys...They tried the other day to assassinate the marshal firing no less than 5 shots into him. So there is still an unsettled feeling in the town...but the ordinary citizens are unmolested & the streets are as quiet after eight or nine o'clock as are those of Boston.

By and by don't tell this to Mother or she would imagine that it is as dangerous....

When Peabody arrived in town there was no Episcopal church. The congregation was meeting in the courthouse. He quickly organized a


C. S. FLY,
PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST,
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Photography in all its branches. Old pictures copied and enlarged. Stereoscopic views for sale. Pictures of Buildings and Animals for Wood Cuts artistically prepared. Coloring a specialty.
FURNISHED ROOMS TO LET,

Courtesy Groton School Archives

Tombstone, circa 1881, from an advertisement for C.S. Fly's photography studio.

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fundraising committee, placing one of his church officers, Wyatt Earp, in a position of authority. The wealth and influence of the church members insured a successful fundraising campaign.

On February 2 he wrote to Fan, "I've been uncommonly homesick today.... Been down a mine and had a nice dinner at the house of the Superintendent. I must tell you all about my little house in the West when I have time. Don't worry about the snows. There has not been one since I've been here and they seldom occur. The water is said to be healthy and tastes all right so I do not hesitate to imbibe. The air is fresh and I'm extremely well for which I am thankful."

Cotty had many bouts with homesickness. He worked on a letter over the space of several days, obviously missing his family back in Massachusetts. The following day he continued his "missive....The sunsets are most exquisite. Very brilliant and the shadows on the mountains with these varied shapes are greatly effective."

George Whitwell Parsons noted the first sermon by the new minister on February 5. "Peabody preached for the first time in the District Courtroom this a.m. and evening and made a good impression." Parsons and Peabody were to become life-long friends. Both men retained a lasting admiration and respect for another member of the little Episcopal church, Wyatt Earp.

After attending his first meeting of the ladies aid society, Cotty complained,

> I had to attend a meeting yesterday. Individually they are very nice, I doubt not, but collectively they brangle over business perhaps more than an Eastern society of the same would do...I was more tired after that meeting than if I had taken a 4 mile walk! However they are very keen about the church It is really ungrateful for me to write about....
>
> Next Tuesday they are going to give me a reception in the courtroom & publish an invitation in the paper to all who care to come
>
> Everybody here is entirely independent & one is introduced to all—shopkeepers, stablemen, miners, gamblers, cowboys, and all the rest of them. Of the latter two classes I have met very few.

Peabody went about his business organizing the church. Evidently his predecessor had been unable to do much in the way of attracting new people. The young New Englander set up a rigorous schedule of house calls, visiting any number of people in the community. From his notes it is obvious he was trying to attract Sunday school teachers and people for a choir. As the new ministerial attraction in town, his first sermons attracted large crowds. The second Sunday he was in town the church had a town record of $25 in the collection. Endicott Peabody was an immediate success.

In an editorial in the *Epitaph*, Mayor John Clum wrote, "Well we've got a parson who doesn't flirt with the girls, who doesn't drink behind the door and, when it comes to baseball, he's a daisy."

An avid athlete and advocate of what was termed "Muscular Christianity," Peabody loved sports, especially baseball. One evening in mid-February, he called on the former chief of police who was recuperating from a shotgun injury. The two men discussed the possibilities of organizing a team for the town of Tombstone. A few days later he discovered the lawman was all for a team.

While the young minister was having his public triumphs, he was suffering from severe bouts of loneliness and even mild depression.

In a letter to his friend Julius Walter Atwood, he confided, "I am feeling somewhat blue and depressed tonight and am going to vent upon you. To tell the truth I am homesick—homesick for my people, homesick for my cousin, homesick for you and for the East. Then...perhaps I am oversensitive in such matters but little thing—such as a person smiling or going off for a snooze— put a complete damper on me for a time."

Endicott Peabody went West for the adventure. Over the years, while they were growing up, he and his friend, Theodore Roosevelt, must have spent many hours discussing the Wild West. A few short weeks after arriving in Tombstone, Peabody discovered the adventure was over.

> Then another cause for low spirits is that which is the saddest of all duties which a clergyman is called upon to perform—officiating at a funeral Already I have had two. The first day before yesterday...This poor fellow died all alone in the world and not a tear was shed when he passed away. He was buried out in the cheerless stony graveyard and 'John White, Aged 35' is the only thing to show he ever lived.
>
> Then, this afternoon was the second burial. A little child of 3 who had fought with death for 6 weeks had succumbed....

Peabody was forced to accept the realities of his ministry. It wasn't pleasant.

As the new minister in town, everyone wanted to invite him to dinner. He described a few of his more memorable meals to his cousin, Fanny, with whom he was rapidly falling in love.

> I had dinner this evening at Mrs. Stewart's—Mrs. S. is a milliner & I had to wait about half an hour in her shop before proceeding to the boarding house where her husband waited on tables. You would be surprised to find him a bright & well informed...people in his position are many of them quite putting me to shame by asking me if I have read certain books & I have to confess that I have not.
>
> My dear little Fan...You probably have heard of a man being talked to death I am very nearly in that condition. I asked 2 or 3 miners to come by my rooms to talk over baseball with a view of setting up a club. One of them is.. a

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blacksmith, educated at Dresden...been all over the world & seen almost everything conceivable and...how he talked—baseball, mining, shooting, Indians, stage robbers, cowboys, robbers, Germany, Italy, Mexico South America, all the languages, mining all these we talked upon & I confess that I am so fagged that I must go to bed.

On February 9 Endicott once again wrote to his cousin Fan.

Yesterday I went and saw Abbott's mine. We were lowered 400 feet holding on to the sides of a very large bucket. I clung tightly with both hands & with more firmness when he told me that a poor chap had toppled off when nearly at the top & fell to a mangled heep on the bottom...I saw miners picking away at the rock with the light of a single candle. Such work would hardly suit me. They are all bent on seizing that enormous fortune....

During the time Peabody was in Tombstone, there were constant problems with Indians. In the same letter he noted, "At present the country about Tombstone is rather an unsettled state. A poor fellow hauling wood was sat upon by Indians...His body was found only seven miles from town. From my back door I could have seen the murder with the aid of a telescope."

In a letter to Fan dated February 14, Endicott reported that:

I have just been out to dine with one of the mining Superintendents on the hill...in the dark in a pounding rain we were walking home with ladies when we lost our way & fearing we should fall down one of the mine shafts which were sunk...we returned to the house, borrowed a lantern...Tombstone is always dismal in a rain. Fortunately the water is generally thought of as a gift & they suffer from too little rather than too much rain....

There has not been a death from accident since I have been in town, except for the case of the Indians...Clapp & I drive out each Saturday afternoon. Equipped with rifles & he also has a revolver, but usually is almost superfluous, for the Indians are far away generally, & the cowboys do not attempt to take in a private carriage....

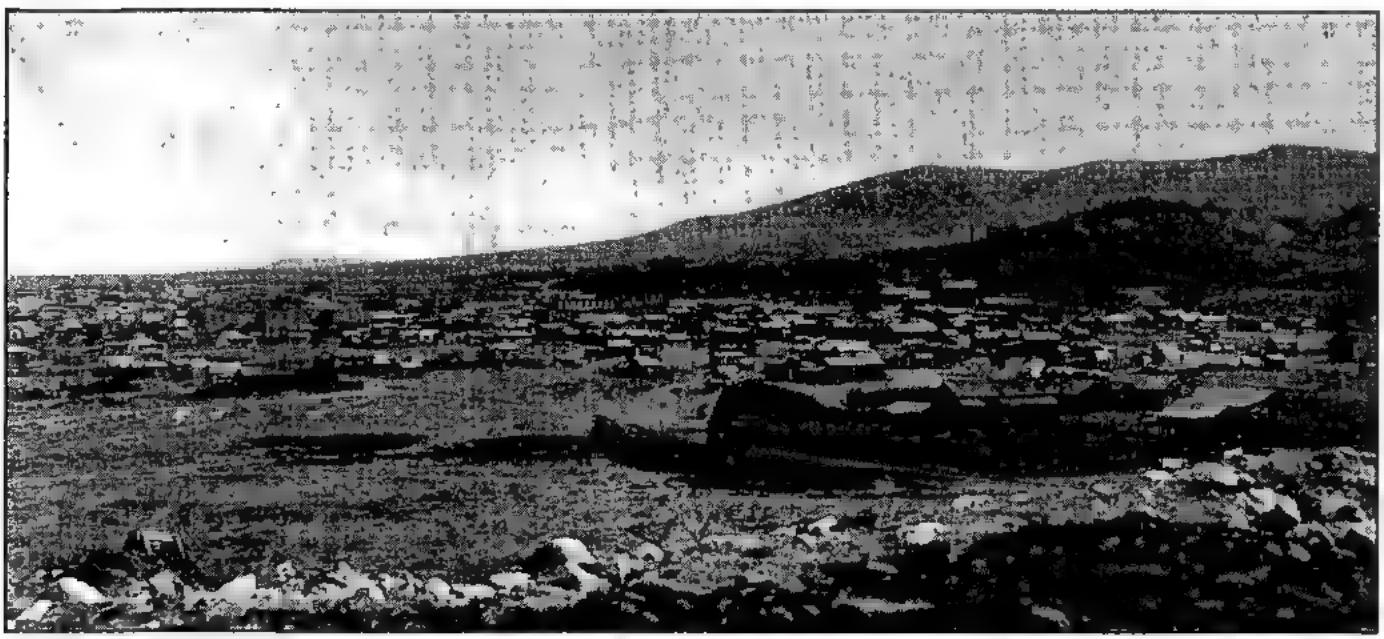
Few of the houses are painted in Tombstone & they look wretched on a dark morning. Umbrellas are not the fashion so people have the appearance of mined mountains. I left mine on the train.... However my mackintosh is far better and less trouble. Now the sun has come out....

The other day they sent a party to the Indians when they suspected a killing, a poor wood chopper. For a moment I thought perhaps I would offer my services—but I can assure you I did not want to & did not seriously harbor the thought.

I must try and get a photo of Tombstone before my next letter.... The country about is brown & barren—but the mountains are fine in their rocky shapes and the sunsets are really beautiful. They say that in the rainy season—June & July they are wonderful. All classes remark their grander.

Peabody loved riding. He and several of his friends would go out riding whenever possible. For a time he used a horse that belonged to S. Abbott, one of the mine owners. But, on February 27 he had bigger news for his dear little Fan. One of the schoolteachers suffered a heart attack, and he was going to fill in as a substitute teacher.

The teaching job lasted for about a week, then one of the town doctors declared a small pox epidemic and the local health department dismissed all classes. Only a few cases



Courtesy Groton School Archives

Tombstone in 1881.

of the disease appeared. Peabody commented, "The Doctor [Goodfellow] tells me that he does not believe it is the disease but simply a put up job to bring money into the Town Doctor."

In his pocket diary, Peabody made a few notations about the Goodfellow family. "Dr. G. is fond of tipple." The minister was aghast that he gave his three-year-old daughter wine. On May 2 he wrote: "Pity wife...."

Sunday, March 6 was a busy day. A new Presbyterian minister was in town. Parsons thought him a bit wordy and long winded. In the afternoon both men helped battle a wildfire in the hills above town, then Peabody went about his evening services. Later he, Parsons, and Milton Clapp walked home from church, stopping over at the parsonage where they stayed up quite late, talking and smoking.

Parsons wrote, "P likes his claret and a good cigar and I don't see why he shouldn't enjoy them, if he is a minister. He's a sensible, manly fellow...quite an athlete and of magnificent build, weighing nearly 200 pounds, muscles as hard as iron. Mac thinks he is something with the gloves...P's a jolly fellow."

That evening "P" wrote to Fan, "When last wrote, I was in common with the rest, rather uneasy about the small pox. Two cases have been brought to town & there was a report that 15 new cases had appeared. Everybody [the entire town, Earps included] was vaccinated...I am thankful to say that the alarm was false...."

In a letter to Fan, written several days later, Peabody observed, "We had an excitement on Saturday night[.] One of the Earps, a family conspicuous for their fighting qualities, was shot in the back while playing billiards in a saloon on the main street[.] The poor fellow was not killed immediately & suffered frightfully but never uttered a groan. His last sentence was, 'Well, Jim that's the last game I will ever play.' Fancy a man saying such a thing at such a time. It may seem a certain daring but it argues a sad want of any kind of religious feeling or unsaid human feeling for his wife & family who are in California."

Very few people attended church the following morning. Parsons was one of the few who did, as he noted in his diary. In a March 30 letter to Fan, Peabody wrote:

> I am sitting this evening with the door wide open looking out on the beautiful Paschal moon which is fairer than I have seen it before. The air is so pure & clear that one seems to be near the sun & moon. Of this place one might almost say of those perfect days that man alone is vile and indeed he is showing himself to be exceedingly vile. The last ten days the papers have been full of murders and fights & Tombstone is showing itself deserving of its name.. there is no real cause for uneasiness for the town is quiet enough & peace abiding citizens who do not meddle with these matters are safe. The countryside is somewhat unsettled....

The following Sunday was Easter. The congregation was still meeting in the courtroom. Peabody agonized over his sermon and the music. According to Parsons the service was quite splendid. The music was excellent. Fresh flowers were shipped in from Los Angeles just for the occasion. Church attendance was 150 that morning.

What was Peabody's greatest complaint? A reception was to be held for the governor of Arizona and General William T. Sherman Cotty declared it would be an "awful bore and it must be done."

Around the middle of April Peabody purchased a horse for $70 that he named Blackie. The young men of the town thought it a great lark to dress up in big felt hats, rugged clothes, and side arms. They called it "doing cowboy." He, Clapp, Parsons, and Culvers were planning a little jaunt to Mexico. Culvers was Peabody's new roommate.

They were going out for some camping. "We are all dressed much after the same fashion. I had brought a large broad brimmed felt hat and with flowing shirt, riding breeches, caters, and riding boots, with pistols in belts, a rifle on the side of the saddle we looked much more like cowboys than respectable citizens."

This was the big adventure Endicott Peabody had craved. He was finally able to roam the wild, untamed deserts of the West, braving Apaches and cowboys. Life in Tombstone was definitely improving. Parsons wrote, "first outside sleeping for P and I expect for the others, but they won't admit it. P was like a boy let loose from school. Was just as full as he could hold."

While the party was in Fort Huachuca, word came that Apaches had attacked and killed two miners near Bisbee. Peabody was excited.

> At once the troops were mounted and out & we had the opportunity of watching the Indian scouts preparing for the war path. They are Apaches, the fiercest of all tribes & as barbarians as in their wild state Fine, straight limbed shapes & they ride like the wind as they pursue their horses...The murder, we learned afterwards, was perpertrated by some brutal cowboys simply to steal the mules & that makes it even worse
>
> We left Huchuca in the afternoon and traveled across country to a road running along the Barbacomari Valley...We decided to ride some miles in the darkness...You may be sure I kept my hand pretty near my pistol for it seemed more natural to meet cowboys at that time allthough really the danger was very slight. After about 5 miles we were startled & our horses too by a sudden dazzling brightness which lighted the country far around. Looking back we see a flaming meteor coming straight for us. Suddenly it seemed to burst and fly like a rocket & then it disappeared and there was darkness once again....

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The journey continued. The following day the young minister reported:

> ...we thought it best to push on & travel by night for the Indians seldom attacked after sun set.
>
> We thought we knew the way but we didn't & dear me, what climbing we had—over hills & down into the steepest kind of gullies & after dark stumbled over the worst kind of cacti & stones, I lost my pistol out of my belt (well worth $20) & Corman lost the food he had brought in case we had to sleep out. A tremendous gale blew, Fortunately behind us—but it made it a bit chilly. About nine we reached a ranch
>
> The cowboys have been very bad indeed of late, but I think we shall soon have quiet times—for there is now a company of 73 rangers—well mounted and reliable men ready to go anywhere at any moment....

The party returned to Tombstone by the first of May. Growing sick and tired of his own cooking, Peabody began eating his meals at a boarding house. Robin, Cotty's second horse, did not handle the rough journey through the desert very well.

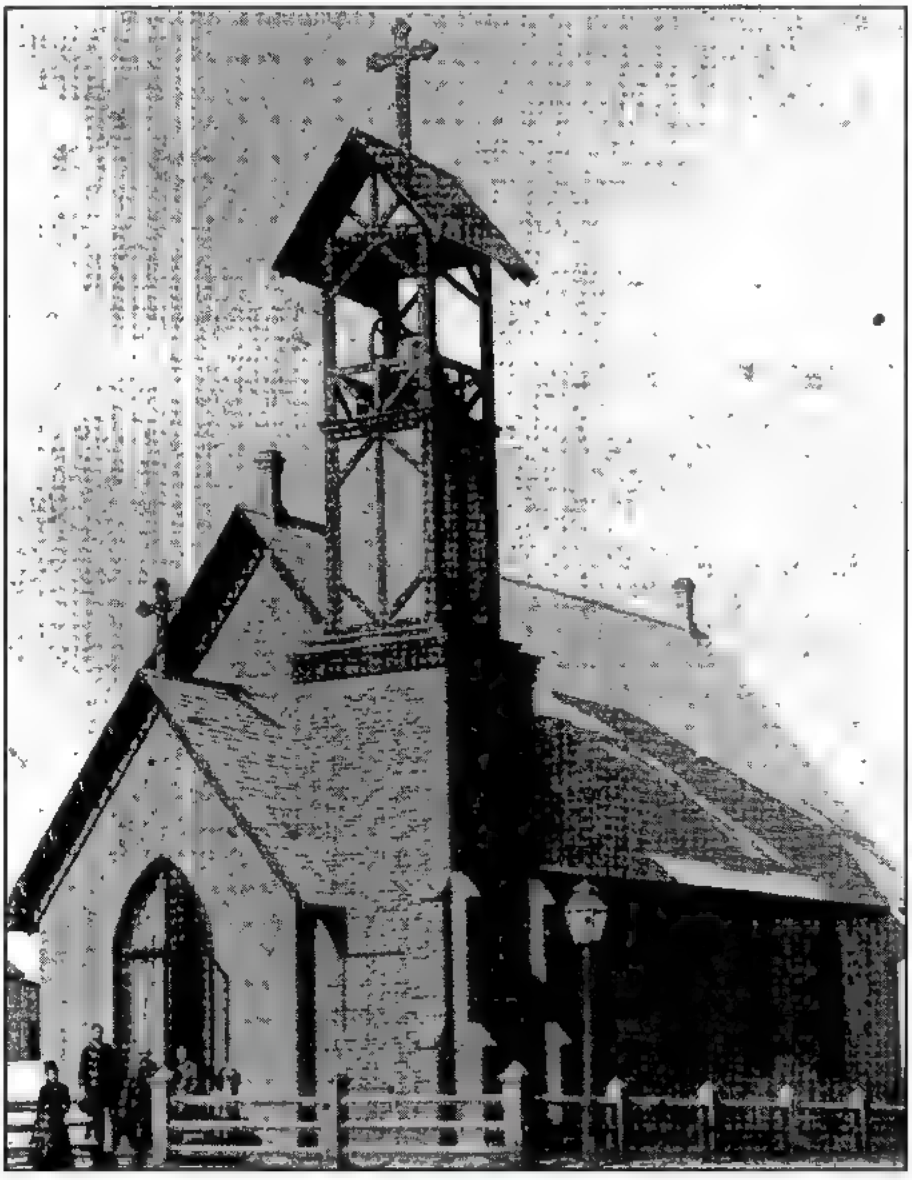
> There was a great excitement a few days ago caused by reports of the Indians being within a few miles of town, They started a volunteer's list & intend raising a company of about 30 men. They even talked of seizing any horses & ammunition they could find & I trembled for Robin....
>
> The Indians are probably in Sonora by this time. They will be driven up again by the Mexicans who do not hesitate to kill a few now & then—will raid and murder more Americans & be driven backward over the border until the autumn when they will return to the reservation.

Peabody had more problems with Robin, who wasn't strong enough to be ridden as hard as the minister rode. One day he traded him, added

Courtesy Groton School Archives

St. Paul's Church, Tombstone, Arizona Territory, June 1882, and below, later that year after the completion of the bell tower.

Courtesy Groton School Archives / photo by C.S. Fly



$50, and bought a new horse, a "magnificent steed—a calico horse—I feel quite like Barman's Circus as I go through the street."

Around the first of May, Peabody's congregation broke ground for its new church. Two weeks later he wrote to his friend, the Reverend Julius Walter Atwood. "Happily the little church is progressing rapidly now and I hope that it will be finished by the middle of the next month. What pleasure it will be to preach for the first time in the first Episcopal Church in Arizona...."

A few days later the young minister was asked to fill in for a pastor in Tucson. He and a friend donned their "cowboy" duds and took off, early in the morning. They stopped for lunch at "a Western saloon breakfast a la flies" in a small hamlet where the "people [were] almost more dead than alive." The innkeeper served ham sandwiches that were so salty the men ran out of their bottle of cold tea ahead of schedule. They were so thirsty they rode all the way into Tucson, arriving late at night.

"Our first days there were very pleasant alltho'...it is the slackest place I ever came across....The church is not strong here and the congregation was rather small. The extreme heat seems to eat up all animation and energy." They decided to cross the desert at night on their return home to Tombstone:

> The moon came up and we traveled along quickly tho' with some care, our pistols being ready in hand for one can never know when the sportive Arizona cowboy will come up After we had been going about 3 hours Corman dropped the corned beef and thought he would get it without getting off the horse. Just as he was reaching for his can the horse bumped & he fell off & away went Shuttle, straight across the country & I after him Round the bushes & over cacti & through holes I chased him & at last got hold of him, but he pulled back, dragging me out of the saddle & started off again....about half a mile I got Corman's horse, but in doing so, Pinto got away. Fortunately I managed to catch up with him, again....

On May 26, a devastating fire broke out in the water closet of the Tivoli Saloon, doing an estimated half million dollars damage and destroying most of the business district of Tombstone. Peabody described the devastation in a letter to the Reverend Atwood:

Courtesy Groton School Archives

Endicott and Fannie Peabody on their honeymoon in 1885.

> A fire broke out at 3 pm, and lasted nearly 3 hours burning up 3 squares in the very heart of the town. It was a terrible affair. The fire began at the back of a saloon and immediately seized the Grand Hotel...A high wind blowing soon spread the flames and the dry wooden awnings and porticos caught like tinder. The hand engine was well nigh powerless and the only thing that prevented the whole place from going was blowing up end house with giant powder...! Worked for about a half hour in a gun shop getting out cartridges and powder which would have produced a frightful explosion if they had been left...The excitement was intense Large amounts of liquor were rolled out from different saloons and I should think 1/4 of the men were drunk. A great many armed themselves and stood guard over the saved goods for the thieves were very busy at such a time. All the wealthiest part of the place is gone and the demoralization is great...I am thankful to say that our little church which has got its roof on, was unharmed, as were all the other churches.

In another letter to "My Dear Little Fan," Endicott writes, "I worked in a gunsmith's shop until the flames came inside. We got out an immense amount of guns and ammunition and was jolly heavy too! I think my arms swelled double after carrying them. The parsonage we gave up as a total wreck and moved everything out. Happily the flames stopped a few doors off....

"It [the fire] caps the climax of Tombstone's troubles and will, I fancy, cause many to seek their fortunes elsewhere. I would never stay in Arizona even if I believed I could make a famous fortune. Everybody dislikes it and that general discontent is very contagious." Several of Endicott's friends were leaving Tombstone, while at the same time, Clapp's wife and family had joined Clapp, so Cotty lost his roommate. Lonely, Endicott decided to rent the parsonage and move into two rooms in a house belonging to a Mr. Earle, "one of the pillars of the church. He and his wife are very nice...."

In another letter he again mentions an Indian scare in the vicinity:

Immediately a large posse heavily armed set out & found when they reached the spot that a wretched carter on his way to Tombstone saw two men in the road, one of whom discharges his gun. The carter thought they were Indians...they were peaceful citizens shooting rabbits! Many of the Indian reports have equally good foundations.

We are having pleasantly cool weather—only tremendous gales which bring frightful dust. I take a tramp with Culver (nice little man) daily—but Pinto has gone Sold him for $90—not bad!

June 19 brought good news to Fan from Tombstone.

My dear Fan...Opened the new church yesterday. Great Success! It was ten times better than the courtroom & really with some flowers & a light cloth over the vending desk we made it look well. It is the nicest little church in Tombstone. Things were so backward on Saturday that many tried to get me to give it up—but I downed a flannel shirt & old clothes & with the janitor worked until the evening & we made it pretty lively for the workman....

They asked me to name the church & I have named it St. Paul's—for he was the 1st & greatest missionary to the world at large & one of the grandest men that ever lived. I have preached so much about him that they thought I would give his name to the church.

You would have been amused to see me the other day driving the grocer's wagon around town carting tables, dishes & etc. to the courtroom for a church social.... That is the advantage of being in a place like this. You can do as you please....

According to his diary, Parsons helped them move the organ and was one of the few who worked until late putting up seats, dusting, and cleaning.

Peabody wrote his last letter from Tombstone to Fan on July 5:

The glorious 4th of July was duly celebrated with the comings of the Great Eagle in this part of the country. Fireworks & crackers & bombs were in full display...Our Western boys were busy on the morn of our natal day as their Eastern brethren. Speeches & all that kind of business....

This morning I heard some noise as if five crackers & though the boys were still celebrating the 4th, but on going into town I found dead a drunken Mexican who had killed an undersheriff while attempting to arrest him....

On July 19, 1882, Endicott Peabody completed his mission to Tombstone and returned home to his family near Boston. Before leaving, he wrote one last letter to his friend Atwood, "The place is full of desperadoes who hold the lives of others and themselves very cheep." By this time most of the excitement was over. John Ringo had but a few days left to live. The mines would soon start to flood. In a few years the town, which was being considered as a possible capital for Arizona, would start to die. Endicott Peabody had much more pressing worries. How was he ever going to convince his cousin Fanny to marry him?

Going back to school to finish his seminary studies, Peabody was finally ordained as an Episcopal minister in 1884. That same year he founded Groton, a school for boys in Groton, Massachusetts. In June 1885 Fannie became his wife.

The most famous graduate of Groton School to date has been Franklin D. Roosevelt, who invited Endicott Peabody to the White House many times to conduct special services.

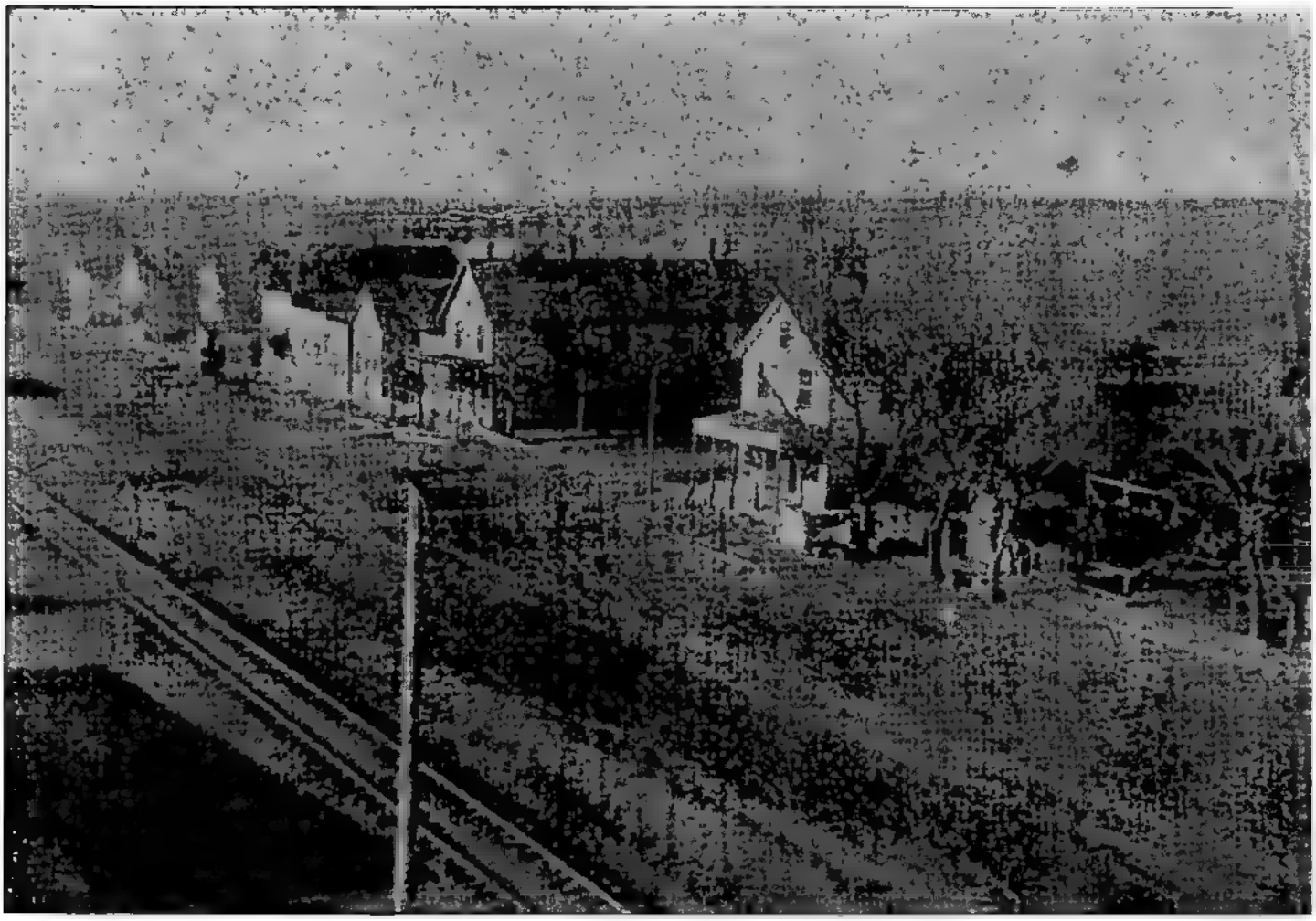
Endicott Peabody died of a stroke in 1944 and was buried in Groton. Fan followed him two years later.

Courtesy Groton School Archives

Groton's first graduate, George Rublee (left) from the class of 1885, with Endicott and Fannie Peabody, February 1941.

A DISAGREEMENT BETWEEN A PARKERVILLE, KANSAS, DOCTOR AND A REAL ESTATE AGENT OVER THE RULES OF COURTING SOON RESULTS IN...

Don



Courtesy Lorena Estes

Front Street, Parkerville, Kansas, circa 1900.

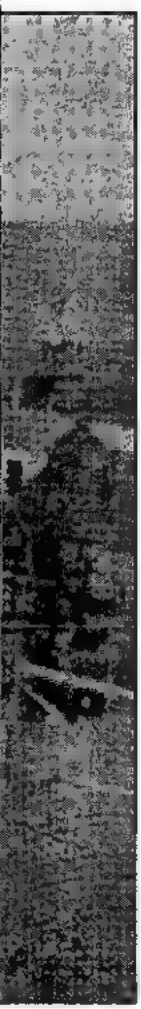
"Last Friday morning the town of Parkerville was the scene of one of the most terrible tragedies ever enacted in Morris County." With these words, the *Council Grove Republican* began its account of the awful event that took place one brisk October morning in 1887, when H.S. Day, well-known real estate dealer and mayor of Parkerville, Kansas, shot one of the town doctors, J.A. Hopkins.

One can imagine the shock that was felt across the town as the news of this vicious deed spread. It would have been difficult to have chosen two more respected members of the community, and it was almost unbelievable to hear of this violent act.

The little village of Parkerville was only sixteen years old at the time of the tragedy. The area where it was located was part of a quarter section of land that had been

EATH Pearl Street

BY CHARLES STROM



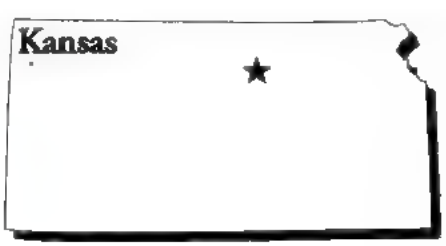
granted to Peter Baum, a private in Captain Wolf's Company of the Ohio Militia, for service in the War of 1812. It passed through the hands of several other people until it was purchased by Charles G. Parker, a retired freighter on the Santa FeTrail. Mr. Parker, born in Connecticut in 1820, had passed through Council Grove for the first time in 1849 with a government wagon train headed for Santa Fe. For nearly twenty years he traveled the trail again and again with his own wagons. An August 1860 newspaper noted that Mr. Parker's train had passed through Council Grove bound for Kansas City a few days earlier. It consisted of 21 wagons, 225 mules, 30 men, and 18 passengers. With the coming of the railroad and the accompanying demise of the wagon trail, Parker moved into the valley and began the life of a country gentleman in 1866. The village of Parkerville, which still bears his name, was incorporated on February 18, 1871. It is apparently the only town in America founded by a Santa Fe Trail freighter.

Handy S. Day was born in New Richmond, Ohio, on March 19, 1841. When the Civil War broke out, he enlisted in Company C, Twelfth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, and served until discharged in July 1864. He then engaged in the business of manufacturing and selling perfumery and fancy goods in New Richmond. In the fall of 1870, he and his wife, the former Nanny Lindsey, made the move to Morris County, Kansas. They first settled north of Parkerville in Ohio Township, where he homesteaded 160 acres. By 1871, he had moved into Parkerville, where he engaged in an amazing array of various business ventures, ranging from the operation of a threshing machine which was called "Vesuvious," to selling flower seeds and rose bushes. By 1878, he was advertising himself as the local land agent for the Kansas and Pacific railway and that he had for sale "36,560 acres of choice prairie and second bottom land suitable for stock and agricultural purposes, with prices ranging from $1.75 to $6.00 per acre."

He was also making trips back to his native Ohio for the purpose of seeking settlers for his adopted state. In March 1879 he was successful in bringing twenty-four persons back to Kansas to view prospective farms. He was evidently convinced of the power of the printed page because he had a run of 500 copies of the Parkerville newspaper printed for out-of-state distribution. In addition to this, he was selling insurance, having placed a policy for $4,000 on the county courthouse in 1882.

Dr. James A. Hopkins was a man equally respected in the Parkerville community. He was born in Warren County, Kentucky, in 1854, but had moved to Lawrence, Kansas, with his parents the next year. His father, Thomas Hopkins, was opposed to slavery so he involved himself in the turbulent anti-slavery politics of the day. At age eighteen, young James Hopkins began his medical studies in Kansas City. After graduation, he practiced medicine about a year in Leavenworth County, Kansas, before arriving in Parkerville. He was obviously a very popular man in the Morris County town.

Handy and Hopkins were not always enemies. An 1883 news item revealed that "H.S. Day, while going home from town Tuesday night, was struck in the ear by a bug. He at once called on Dr. Hopkins, who finally succeeded in extracting it. Day declares that in the future when



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going out at night, he will either wear covers over his ears or have them filled with cotton."

Dr. Hopkins was a well educated physician for the time. In the fall of 1881, he left for New York City to attend a series of lectures. The local editor, in a joking manner, said, "We trust that the doctor may crown himself with laurels during his attendance at college." When the doctor returned to Parkerville in March, this same writer noted the event, and included a reference to what had probably been a fear of the community. "Dr. J.A. Hopkins, having graduated from a medical college in New York City, arrived home on Tuesday, and informs us that he will remain here permanently, which his many friends and patrons in this vicinity will be pleased to learn."

The doctor evidently desired not only to have the best education possible, but also the best tools of his trade. The community probably didn't understand the need for these any better than the editor understood what he was writing about when he reported that "Dr. J.A. Hopkins has received by express yesterday, direct from New York, a full set of genealogical [gynecological] instruments of the latest design and finish. This, together with a full set of surgical and other instruments, makes a list of which he may feel proud and which capacitates him for work of any kind, no matter how difficult, in his profession."

Courtesy Lorena Estes

Dr. James A. Hopkins.

Life was good for the country doctor. He was enjoying the prosperity that he had worked so hard to attain. Everyone could attest to his success when they saw him come driving down the street in his new rig. Even the editor commented how handsome he looked.

At about 9:30 on the morning of October 21, 1887, the calm village was shattered by two gunshots that must have echoed again and again down the valley. Day and Hopkins had met on Pearl Street. One was dead, and the other would never again enjoy life as he once had. James Harris, the editor of the newly founded *Parkerville Times*, wasn't sure just how to report the tragedy— so he didn't. The next issue, printed the day following the shooting, carried no news of the event. A large two-column advertisement by "H.S. Day, Real Estate and Insurance," occupied the middle of the top half of the front page. The following week this item appeared:

> We have refrained from expressing our opinion in regard to the shooting of Dr. Hopkins by H.S. Day last week because we do not believe a newspaper has the right, morally, at least, to play the part of judge and jury in a case of this kind, forestalling and molding the opinions of men in advance. Let us be fair. Let us reserve our judgment until we hear the evidence and testimony.

Exactly what caused the hard feelings between these two men is not expressed in public record, but it apparently centered around family problems. The *Council Grove Republican* reported:

> Bad feelings had existed for some time between the parties,

growing out of family difficulties. About a year ago, Dr. Hopkins married a niece of Mrs. Day, who resided with them for about a year. Not long thereafter, bad feelings were manifested, and the families became estranged from each other. Later, Mrs. Hopkins went back to Ohio on a visit, and while there a new source of unpleasantness arose in the separation of Hopkins and wife. The feelings between the Days and Hopkins were increased in bitterness by this separation. Threats were made on the part of one or both of the principals. It was understood that they were prepared for each other This is where matters stood in this relationship last Thursday, when the men met and quarreled over their affair. On Friday they met again and this apparently accidental encounter terminated in the death of Dr Hopkins. Mr. Day gave himself up and some initial proceedings were conducted before a local judge The coroner and a jury were summoned and an inquest was held at the residence of the murdered man.

The defendant, H.S. Day, who had been held in jail in Emporia, Kansas, was brought back to Council Grove for a November 14 trial. It was delayed and rescheduled for November 21, 1887, just one month after the fateful event. Day was housed at the Cottage House hotel during th delay.

When the trial finally got under way, John Malloy, a well-known Council Grove attorney, served on Day's defense team, along with Judge John Martin of Topeka. Prosecuting Attorney Miller was assisted by J.K. Owens of Council Grove and Judge J.T. Bradley of Topeka.

After a number of witnesses were called to testify, both for the prosecution and for the defense, Handy S. Day took the stand. The testimony he gave offered some insight into the development of the problems that ended in the death of Dr. Hopkins.

"There is no blood relationship between Dr. Hopkins and myself. Hopkins was married about the 25th of last January to Miss Annie Lindsey, a niece of my wife. Dr. Hopkins was my family physician for quite some time. He frequently visited my house as a physician and a friend. Mrs. Hopkins was a member of my family from the spring of 1885 until the fall of that year. She returned again in the spring of 1886 and was a member of my family until the 24th of last January [1887]. Dr. Hopkins visited my house more frequently after Miss Annie Lindsey came to my house in 1886. Along in December of 1886 there was some talk between Dr. Hopkins and myself. I found fault with him for keeping such late hours with Miss Annie and because at one time he had an engagement to take her to church and had gone off with another lady. We had forbidden Dr. Hopkins from coming to the house, and he met me a short time before, and said he was going up to see Miss Annie. I said if you go, I will go with you. We went up to the house and he and Miss Annie had a conference together. Afterwards Dr. Hopkins came out where my wife and I were and said, 'You have put this house under martial law so far as I'm concerned,' and I said, 'The embargo will not be raised, either.' Dr. Hopkins and Miss Annie had been engaged twice, but at the time she left our house, which was the 24th, they were not engaged. They were gone about a week and then returned to Parkerville. After the marriage, there was a letter written by Mrs. Hopkins to my wife. I copied the letter and sent it to Dr. Hopkins, and told him that I would prosecute his wife for criminal libel. Hopkins answered the letter and justified what his wife had written, and said that it was war to the hilt. The second week in May they left Parkerville. The Doctor was going to Chicago and his wife was to visit her folks. Mrs. Hopkins never returned to Parkerville after she left in May until the Sunday after the 21th of October.

Courtesy Lorena Estes

The James A. Burton family. Mrs. Burton was the former Anna Lindsey Hopkins.

"Up to the 20th of October, I had not spoken to the Doctor since the letter was written. I met Hopkins on the prairie the afternoon of the 20th. I did not recognize him until we were close together. I turned out of the road. Hopkins pulled up his horses and dropped the reins from his right hand to his left and said 'Hold on,' and put his right hand under his lap robe. I snapped the reins and started my horse forward. I was afraid that Hopkins meant to do me injury.

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"On the morning of the twenty-first [the day of the shooting] I was taking some apples to Mr. Sanford's house. I passed by the lot where Dr. Hopkins kept his horses. Hopkins was at the well when I saw him. I was about half way across the street at the time. He started down toward the gate when he saw me. He got down to the gate about the same time that I did. He dropped his right hand to his hip pocket and swung his left hand toward me. I drew my revolver from my pocket and fired at him. When I shot Dr. Hopkins I had no malice toward him. I shot simply to save my own life."

The essence of the trial boiled down to H.S. Day pleading "not guilty" to first degree murder, but rather pleading self defense. Finally, after more than nineteen hours of deliberation, the jury brought in a verdict of guilty of manslaughter in the second degree, the penalty for which was three to five years in the penitentiary. An appeal was heard by Judge Nicholson, the presiding judge, who decided against a new trial and sentenced Day to three years in the state prison. The county sheriff was said to have passed through Parkerville on the train the evening of December 9, 1887, taking Day him to Lansing, Kansas. According to the local newspaper, the unnamed sheriff had with him three other convicted murderers also on the way to prison.

Although Day arrived at the prison to serve his term, his family and friends did not give up on the possibility of an early release. News of a petition seeking that action was noted in the local newspaper. Whether this effort was successful or not is not found in the formal records of the event. What is recorded is that Kansas Governor John A. Martin, just before he completed his term of office, signed a full pardon for Handy S. Day Just a year and a month after arriving at the penitentiary, Day was a free man.

The funeral service for Dr. James A. Hopkins was to have been held on the Sunday following the shooting at the Neosho Valley Union Baptist Church, about three miles southwest of Parkerville, but because Mrs. Hopkins had not arrived home from her visit to Ohio, it was delayed until Monday. A large crowd gathered at the little white country church on Sunday, but dispersed later in the day. When the Reverend S M Ream delivered the funeral oration on Monday, it was to a smaller crowd. Dr. Hopkins was then buried in the church cemetery, just west of the church.

Author's Collection

Dr. James Hopkins' grave and monument, Masonic Cemetery, Parkerville, Kansas.

A second funeral was held for Dr. Hopkins on Sunday, January 1, 1888. The remains were moved from the first burial site and re-interred in Parkerville's Masonic Cemetery. The reason for the action has been lost with the passage of time.

Anna Lindsey Hopkins, only nineteen years of age when she was widowed, married again after a mourning period of about fourteen months. She became the bride of James Henderson Burton on December 20, 1888.

Anna enjoyed a long life. She passed away in 1948, at the age of eighty years. She was buried in the Parkerville cemetery beside her second husband. Two dozen yards away stands the "handsome monument" that she erected in memory of her first husband, Dr. James A. Hopkins.

Upon release from prison, Handy S. Day apparently retreated to his farm in Ohio Township, north of Parkerville. A period of ten years passed with little public notice until his wife, Nannie L. Day, filed for divorce. The charges and counter charges took on a particularly vicious tone. She accused him of cursing and swearing at her and calling her names. In his countersuit, he said that she called him "liar" and "murderer." She evidently made the best case of it, for when the decision on division of property was handed down, she received all the land, furniture, and farming implements. He retained one bed, his library, and his immediate personal belongings.

Such events would have broken many a man, but not H.S. Day. He was ready for a new challenge, and in July 1899, he went into the newspaper business. The town of Dwight had been founded nearby, so he started a monthly newspaper called the *Dwight Advocate*. The venture only lasted eleven months, but his own advertisements in the journal reveal that he was again selling real estate and insurance.

On August 14, 1900, H.S. Day was married to Mrs. Estelle D. Cross, in Manassas, Virginia. After the wedding, the couple made their home in Topeka, Kansas. Day died in Topeka on December 1, 1913, at the age of seventy-two.

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JUST IN TIME FOR CHRISTMAS!

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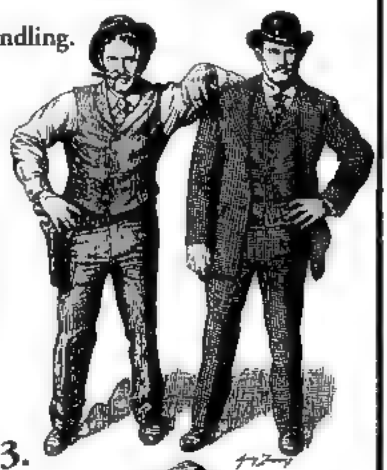
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True West Legends

Jim M

October 25, 1861—James Brown Miller is born at Van Buren, Crawford County, Arkansas. He is one of nine children born to Jacob and Cynthia Miller. The family relocates in Robertson County, Texas, while Jim is still a child. Jim will grow to be a six-feet tall gunman with black hair, dark gray eyes, and a dark complexion.

July 30, 1884—John Coop, Jim's brother-in-law, is shotgunned to death as he sleeps. Evidence reveals that Jim had borrowed a shotgun from W.R. Basham, an uncle. Miller is convicted and sentenced to life in prison; however, the verdict is reversed upon appeal. This is Jim Miller's first known brush with the law.

1887—Now working in law enforcement, Miller travels to Mexico to arrest Jim Davenport, wanted for murder. Miller accomplishes his mission and returns the prisoner to Texas. Later in the year he is employed ostensibly as a cowboy, but probably for other reasons, by cattleman-gunfighter Mannen Clements. Here Miller meets his future wife, Sarah Francis Clements, Mannen's daughter.

March 29, 1887—Mannen Clements is killed in Ballinger, Texas, by City Marshal Joseph W. Townsend in a saloon brawl. The next day, Townsend is ambushed while riding home in the darkness. Townsend survives but loses his right arm to the wounds. Although never charged, it is generally believed that Miller was the would-be assassin. In spite of the bungled attempt, Miller is now considered by the Clements clan as "one of their own."

February 15, 1888—Miller is married to Sallie Clements in McCulloch County, Texas. The couple move to the west Texas town of Alpine. Their first child, Carrie Brown Miller, dies in infancy. While in Alpine, Miller openly solicits work in his "chosen profession," assassin for hire, according to famed Texas Ranger James B. Gillett.

1891—The Millers move to Pecos, Texas. Jim becomes a deputy under Sheriff George A. "Bud" Frazer. While a deputy, Miller kills a Mexican prisoner and is discharged. Although certainly against Sheriff Frazer's wishes, Miller is then appointed city marshal. He develops a reputation as an honest, peace loving man, often attending church, avoiding drinking, smoking, and gambling.

May 1893—Con Gibson, a friend of Sheriff Frazer, informs the lawman that his life is in danger at the hands of Miller. Recognizing the threat, Frazer requests John R. Hughes of Company D, Frontier Battalion, to come to Pecos to help. Hughes arrives in Pecos, although things seem peaceful.

July 22, 1893—Miller is charged with theft of mules but the case is dismissed. The Frazer-Miller troubles escalate when a friend and relative of Con Gibson is killed by John Denson, a relative of Miller's wife, in Eddy, New Mexico.

April 12, 1894—After a bouched attempt on Miller's life, Frazer moves to Eddy for his own safety.

December 1894—Frazer returns to Pecos and again attempts to kill Miller. Again, he merely wounds Miller and again flees the scene, convinced that Miller wears a steel vest. Frazer is charged with attempted murder on March 4, 1895; the case is transferred to El Paso. Miller's attorney, John Wesley Hardin, has had a great deal of experience with the law. Having only recently been released from a Texas prison, Hardin knows all too well about killings and attempted killings. But before the case goes to trial Hardin is slain in El Paso in August 1895.

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ILLER

September 14, 1896—Frazer is playing cards in a Toyah, Texas, saloon when the door swings open and Miller blasts Frazer with both barrels of a shotgun. To calm the patrons Miller buys a round of drinks. Miller is indicted for this killing but wins an acquittal due to conflicting testimony. The Frazer-Miller feud does not end here, however. Before Miller is cleared of the Frazer killing two of his friends, John Denson and William Earhart, are killed by Barney Riggs in another Pecos saloon. Riggs, it turns out, is married to Frazer's sister.

1897—Miller, Sallie, and their two sons move to Eastland County, Texas. His trial for the Frazer killing results in a hung jury. While awaiting the new trial, his daughter is born on November 8, 1897.

January 16, 1898— A local stockman, William Janes, is murdered.

August 11, 1898—Jarrett Nelson is murdered on his way to give testimony in the William Janes case. In an effort to increase his prestige and respectability, Miller is commissioned a special Texas Ranger of Company B under Captain William J. McDonald.

November 11, 1899—Miller, L.W. Angel, and George Richards are indicted for the Jarrett Nelson murder.

November 6, 1900—Miller is indicted for subordination of perjury. Miller now has several charges against him. He manages to get the charges transferred to Wilbarger County, and except for the perjury charge, all are dismissed.

October 3, 1901—Miller is found guilty of the perjury charge and sentenced to five years in prison. He appeals the verdict and wins a reversal on December 18, 1901. In the aftermath of the trial, Joe Earp is murdered and District Attorney J. M. Standlee, who prosecuted Miller, is poisoned to death. Miller has inferred that "no man can testify against me and live."

1901-1904—Miller becomes a resident of Fort Worth, Texas, and is listed as a "real estate agent" in the city directory.

January 1904—Miller and others become involved in a land forgery scheme. Detective T.D. "Frank" Fore investigates and brings charges against Miller, B.B. Burrell, John W. Burford, T.C. Andrews, and Jim Gould.

March 10, 1904—Frank Fore is shot by Miller in a men's washroom in the Westbrook Hotel in

By Chuck Parsons

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True West
Legends
Jim
Miller

Fort Worth. He dies three days later. Witnesses testify that Fore had threatened Miller.

May 4, 1906—Miller has a formal portrait made in Fort Worth, Texas, the same day he is acquitted of the Fore killing.

August 1, 1906—Deputy United States Marshal Ben Collins is shotgunned to death near his Emet, Oklahoma, farm. Miller is indicted for the killing but is released on bail. He will never stand trial for this killing.

February 29, 1908—Patrick Floyd Garrett, famous for tracking down and killing Billy the Kid, is murdered in southeastern New Mexico. Although sheepherder Wayne Brazel confesses to shooting Garrett, many believe that Jim Miller was the real trigger man.

February 27, 1909—Allen Augustus "Gus" Bobbitt, a former deputy United States marshal and Ada, Oklahoma, resident, becomes involved in a feud with B.B. Burrell, Jesse West, and Joseph Allen. The men have come to head over cattle issues, and West and Allen seek Jim Miller's "assistance" in the matter. Later that day, Bobbitt is blown from his saddle by a shotgun-wielding assassin. Bobbitt is able to identify Miller as the gunman before he dies. West, Allen, Burrell, and Miller are arrested in Oklahoma City and taken to Ada to be jailed.

April 19, 1909—Under cover of darkness, a mob breaks into the Ada jail and captures the four murderers of Bobbitt. The men are taken to the Frisco Livery stable and promptly hanged. A photo of the grisly scene soon becomes one of the most famous images to come out of the West.

Author's Collection

"Four Men Hanging." The famous photo showing Miller, Allen, Burrell, and West hanging in the Ada, Oklahoma, Frisco Livery stable, April 19, 1909.

WHAT TO READ

Jim Miller: The Untold Story of a Western Badman, by Bill C. James. Heniogton Publishing Co., 1989.
Shotgun for Hire, by Glenn Shirley. University of Oklahoma Press, 1970.
Pat Garrett: The Story of a Western Lawman, by Leon C. Metz. University of Oklahoma Press, 1974.
Four Men Hanging, by Wellborn Hope. Century Press, 1974.
How Pat Garrett Died, by Colin Rickards. Palomino Press, 1970.

WHERE TO GO

Ada, Oklahoma. A monument commemorating the lynching in the Frisco Livery was erected by historian Bill C. James on June 21, 1997. The marker is located near Tenth & Townsend streets. A.A. Bobbitt's grave is located in the Rosedale Cemetery.
Mobeetie, Texas. Lynching victims Jesse West and Joe Allen are buried in the Old Mobeetie cemetery.
Fort Worth, Texas. Jim Miller's grave is well marked in the Oakwood Cemetery. His marker, giving his birth and death dates, identifies him only as "Husband."
Pecos, Texas. The saloon where two of Miller's men were killed by Barney Riggs is now a museum.

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NINE DAYS to Columbus

Western Publications

A group of Pancho Villa's men, prior to their 1916 raid of Columbus, New Mexico.

The warm kitchen was filled with the smell of supper cooking on the stove. Little two-year-old Johnnie was happy and playing. It was near sundown and Maud Hawk Wright was expecting her husband, Ed, and Frank Hayden to arrive any minute. They had gone to Pearson, some thirty miles away, for ranch supplies. Pearson, Chihuahua, Mexico, was about 100 miles south of Columbus, New Mexico. The town had a sawmill, a railroad, and, because of the revolution in Mexico, was home to a garrison of Carrancista soldiers.

By Gerry Hawk

Maud, thinking she heard Ed and Frank, opened the front door. Twelve mounted Mexicans were in her yard. In a matter of minutes about fifty more were milling around the ranch. The leader dismounted and asked for food. Maud said she would feed as many as she could but her supplies were short. Ed and Frank rode up thirty minutes later and entered the kitchen, bringing their saddles with them. The Mexican leader asked for feed for his horse so Ed took him outside. Very shortly Frank was called out. Maud started to worry.

The Mexicans outside unloaded Ed and Frank's pack mules and ate what was edible, destroying the rest. They took everything from Maud's storeroom and ransacked the house. She was ordered to give Johnnie to Mrs. Moreno, the wife of the hired hand, and come with them. Refusing to get on the horse behind the leader, Maud was given her own saddled mount. When she asked about Ed, the Mexican merely pointed to a nearby hill. It was the first of March and her only protection from the chilly weather was a dirty serape that had been tied behind her saddle.

After traveling thirty miles that night, the group arrived at Cave Valley at daylight. It was there that Maud and her kidnappers rendezvoused with Pancho Villa and his men. The Villistas were camped in groups, numbering 2,000 or more by Maud's estimate. They were strung out for about a mile. Maud recognized horses and mules from her ranch among the Villista's herd. Three Mexicans came by leading a horse, Ed and Frank straddled atop, their hands tied behind them. She spurred her horse up to them before anyone could stop her and agreed with Ed to get Johnnie out of Mexico if they survived. Ed and Frank were taken to a nearby hill, out of sight. The three Villistas came back alone.

Maud spoke and understood Spanish perfectly and when they joined the main Villa group, she heard the men discussing the raid on Columbus. They were to march steadily until the raid, taking no equipment or camp followers to slow them down. When she had her first chance to talk to Villa, Maud asked if he was going to kill her and if so, to get it over with. He laughed and said if she was tough enough to make it to Columbus, he would let her go. She could tell by the way he said it that he didn't expect her to make it.

Courtesy of Ruth Jones

Johnnie Wright

Villa appointed an officer and one of his men to guard Maud on the trip. He gave orders that she was not to be mistreated but carefully watched. They had her change mounts and her heart sank when she recognized Frank Hayden's saddle on the horse. They traveled slowly through the mountains, detouring frequently to confuse followers. Villa was afraid of being followed by the Carrancistas.

Not all of the men were seasoned Villistas. Some were fugitives and criminals, and some were just boys, one being only twelve. To avoid visible dust, and because Villa felt it was harder to defect during the day, the men marched mostly after dark. The weather was cold, but fires were not permitted. The men were hungry, thirsty, and exhausted.

They stopped to rest only long enough to butcher cattle and cook the meat on sticks. This was usually in the daytime. The meat was charred on the outside and raw on the inside. When there was no beef, they ate horses and mules. Leftovers were tied to their saddles for later and quickly covered with dust. They raided nearby ranches and killed anyone in their way. Some of the men fell from their saddles, exhausted, their tongues swollen from thirst. They were beaten by the officers with the sides of their swords until they remounted.

Maud thought the devious detours had added an extra 100 miles to the trip. The men were hungry and bone tired, and sometimes went thirty hours without water. They could not help but admire the gringo lady who was withstanding the hardships better than some of them. She held herself aloof and never complained.

Along the way the Villistas kidnapped Buck Spencer, a black man who had been living with a Mexican family at a small ranch. At the Palomas Cattle Company they stole horses and tortured an employee by dragging him by his hair, and finally shooting him. Maud was forced to watch as a scare tactic, but all she felt was relief for the poor man when he finally died.

When they finally reached the border, Villa called a halt and waited for a report from his spies. Because of Mexico's troubled times, an encampment of Thirteenth Cavalry soldiers was at Camp Furlong, near Columbus. Colonel Herbert W. Slocum was in command.

Villa's spies reported that the soldiers stationed at Columbus were

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few and scattered, and that Villa would have no trouble capturing their guns and ammunition. The Americanos also had some superior bred horses

On March 8, at midnight, Villa's force finally reached the outskirts of Columbus. The men stopped in a draw west of town. They were not allowed to dismount, talk, or sleep. Maud thought of her baby with Mrs. Moreno. She remembered the time she met Ed in Pinos Altos, New Mexico, and they eloped without her parents' blessing. She wondered if she would live to be free again.

El Paso Morning Times

WILSON DETERMINED TO GET VILLA

CAPTURED VILLA OFFICER SAYS INTERVENTION WILL BE SIGNAL FOR MASSACRE

AMERICAN TROOPS ORDERED ACROSS BORDER TO CRUSH IMPUDENT BANDIT RAIDER

SCENES AT COLUMBUS FOLLOWING VILLISTA RAID

Courtesy *El Paso Times*

The March 11, 1916, edition of the *El Paso Morning Times* detailed the story of Maud Wright's kidnapping and Villa's raid on Columbus.

Due to an ammunition shortage, Villa picked only 500 men to participate in the raid. He salvaged enough ammunition from the men staying behind to equip each raider with three full belts of cartridges. Each officer was appointed a platoon and point of attack. Villa changed into his military uniform and mounted a paint stallion, stolen from the Palomas Cattle Ranch.

Maud and Spencer were left with the replacement horses, completely surrounded by Villistas. The twelve-year-old Villista was left behind to help hold the horses.

The raid on Columbus started at 4 AM on March 9, and all hell broke loose for the next two hours. As Columbus burned, Maud and her group could could see soldiers in the street, illuminated by the smoldering buildings. They could tell by the gunshots which guns were Villa's and which were American. It seemed the raid wasn't as well planned as Villa envisioned.

Villa's horse was shot from under him but was soon replaced by a big gray, also stolen from Palomas. In spite of Villa's fearless leadership, his men started retreating at early daybreak. He tried to get them to attack again and was furious that they would not obey. Villa himself was among the last to retreat and when he rode past her, Maud asked if she could go. "Yes," he said, and waved toward Columbus. Maud asked for a horse and was given a mare that belonged to Ed. This was the second time she talked with Villa. The mare, only partly broken, was so upset by all the gunfire that Maud had to lead it toward Columbus.

Having not had water for the last thirty hours, Maud headed for a distant windmill. On the way she passed one of her guards who had been wounded during the raid. He was the only Villista who had enjoyed taunting her, telling her she was going to die every morning and night of the journey. Maud started to kill him with his own sword when she realized that he was dying. She took the saddle from his dead horse, put it on top of hers, and went on. Once at the windmill she and her horse drank their fill. She then headed for a nearby ranch.

The house was partly burned and near the porch laid a dead man. Maud heard a groan in the nearby brush and found Mrs. Moore wounded in the hip. Maud was helping her with the wound when Deputy Sheriff Jack Breen and another man arrived. The American soldiers came and took over immediately. They would not allow Maud to talk to anyone. She was taken to Colonel Slocum and Mrs. Moore was taken by ambulance to Columbus for medical treatment. Maud told the colonel her story and answered his many questions. After the briefing, the officer's wife tended to Maud's wounds.

Maud's hands, feet, and face were badly swollen and painful to the touch. Her face was badly sunburned. Her hair had not been combed since Pearson and was matted with dirt. Maud was bathed and fed her first real meal in nine days. Bed rest was a welcome change from sleeping in her saddle.

The Americans suspected Buck Spencer of being a spy but Maud cleared him. His personal opinion was that "Maud was the bravest

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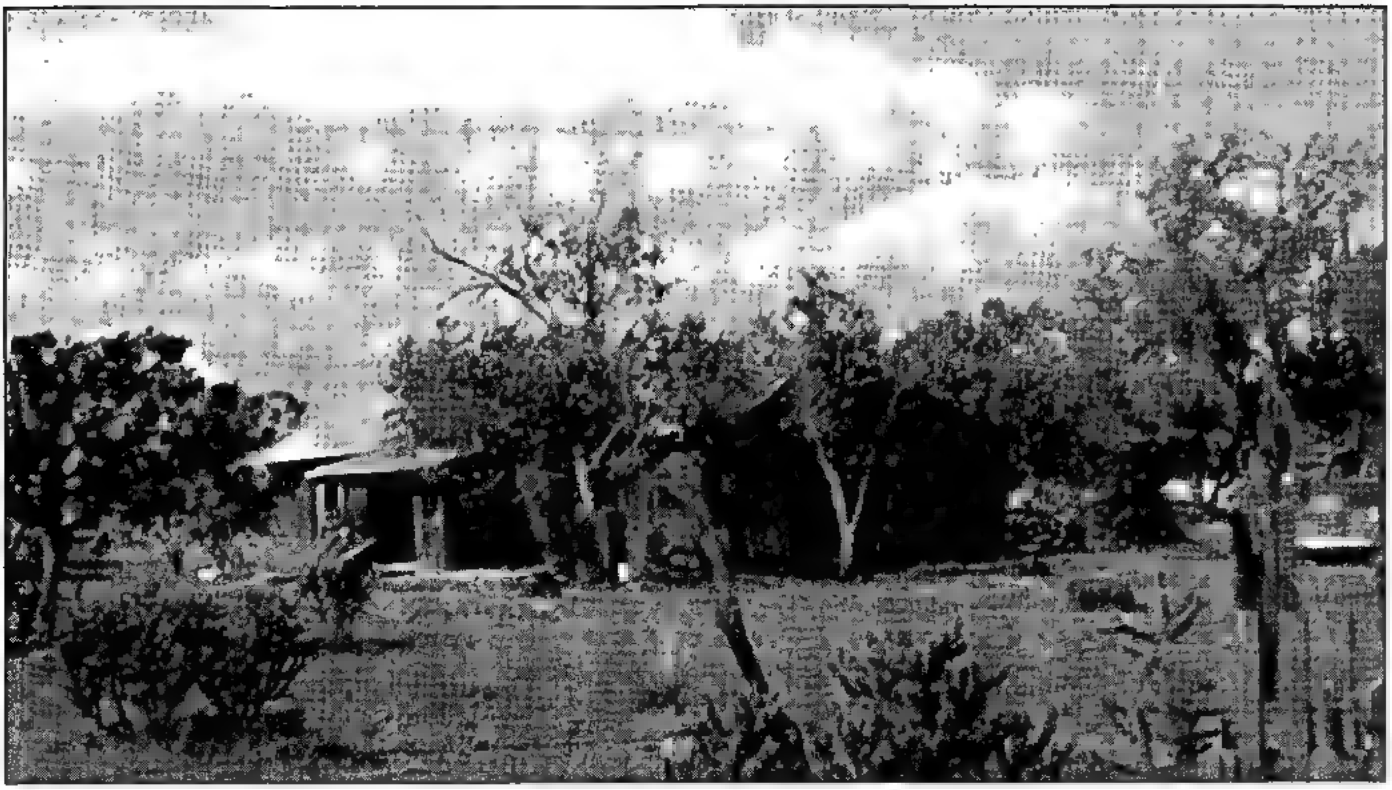
President Carranza offered an apology for the raid and sent a special train to Pearson for Johnnie to be delivered to his mother in Juarez.

Courtesy of Ruth Jones

Maud Hawk Wright at the El Paso train station with her son, Johnnie. The Mexican government took this photo on March 10, 1916, to prove that her child had beeen returned.



Author's photo

Maud and Will Medder's Mountainair, New Mexico, ranch.

woman God ever created."

Authorities in Pearson were notified to search for Ed and Frank where Maud had last seen them. Their bodies were found and buried on the spot. Maud was told that Mrs. Moreno still had the baby. President Carranza offered an apology for the raid and sent a special train to Pearson for Johnnie to be delivered to his mother in Juarez. To Mrs. Moreno's credit, she had taken good care of Johnnie and would not give him up until the authorities produced a telegram from Maud. On the afternoon of the March 10, Mrs. Slocum and her maid took Maud to El Paso, Texas, by train. The train conductor personally handed Johnnie to Maud once in Juarez. Pictures were taken for proof of delivery.

The Slocums bought Maud a train ticket to Silver City, New Mexico, where her brother, Axie Hawk, was the taxi driver for visitors and patients at the Cottage San Tuberculosis Sanitarium. Maud rested and visited with Axie and his wife Viola for three weeks. Maud was anxious to see her kind, gentle mother in Safford.

Maud and her brother, Russel, obtained work at a sawmill in the Graham Mountains near Safford. Maud was hired as a cook. It was here that she met, and married, a cowhand named Will Medders.

The Villa raid became international news and reporters had a field day. Considering that Columbus was a town of between four to five hundred residents, the military did well. Eighteen civilians and soldiers were killed, and only eight civilians and soldiers wounded. Villa lost over a one hundred men, many wounded, and two of his officers and three privates were captured. He also lost a great deal of his plunder, including horses, during his hasty retreat.

Everyone who could, including politicians and military experts, jumped on the analysis bandwagon. Many armchair experts expressed their far- fetched opinions in spite of Maud's report. The most ridiculous theory involved an imposter Villa raiding Columbus. Supposedly, it was either an attempt to frame Villa, or Villa never went to Columbus with his men, but stayed outside.

Despite the theories, one fact remains. Criminals get famous and victims are quickly forgotten. Villa was richly rewarded by his government, but was assassinated in 1923. Maud's only compensation was her life and the recovery of her son. She received nothing for her Mexican ranch and livestock.

In spite of everything, Maud and Will Medders enjoyed a happy marriage of forty-eight years. They had two boys and five girls who grew up with Johnnie. They finally settled on a ranch in the Mountainair area of New Mexico in 1942.

The Villa ride was still a nightmare to Maud, but she never burdened her children with it. She was disgusted with the way her report had been changed by the media and military officials. She had told the truth without embellishment. Maud and Will thought it best to just keep quiet and live their lives.

Maud Medders died in 1980 at the age of ninety-one. It is believed that she outlived the Villistas who had kidnapped her in 1916.

THE DEVIOUS OUTLA

BOB RO

The last decade of the past century is frequently referred to as "the gay nineties." That implied carefree attitude might be an appropriate general image of that era, but is not a fitting memory of the aura that existed a hundred years ago in the Cherokee Nation. A more somber mood prevailed, due in part, to the high incidence of criminal activity that plagued the area, during that period. As the nineteenth century approached its final years, native sons added to the problems of the bedeviled Cherokee Nation.

Among those who developed their outlaw career in their homeland, during that epoch, were Bill Cook, Ned Christie, Henry Starr, and Crawford "Cherokee Bill" Goldsby. The Dalton brothers, who had lived in the region for some time while growing up, returned and demonstrated their expertise at robbing trains, to their former neighbors. This cast of local talent was augmented when Frank Rogers, with his three sons, moved into the Cherokee Nation.

The Rogers family had lived in Benton and Washington counties of Arkansas prior to settling on Big Creek, near Horseshoe Mound. Bob, the oldest of Frank's sons, is thought to have been born in 1873, followed by Sam about two years later, then Jim two years after Sam. Each of the Rogers boys was destined to try his hand in the outlaw world.

Shortly after Frank Rogers moved his family into the Cherokee Nation, Bob started working for ranchers in the vicinity of Nowata. The earliest record of Bob Rogers "breaking the law" came on November 10, 1891, when he was arrested by Deputy United States Marshal Bymum Colbert. Deputy

Author's Collection

Bob Rogers

Colbert delivered young Rogers to Fort Smith, where he was charged with "assault with intent to kill." Neither the intended victim, nor the circumstances of the crime, are now known. Bob was released on bond within a few days.

At that time, the Dalton gang was at the apex of their successful criminal activities and attracted the attention of Frank Rogers' oldest son. He developed an admiration for the gang's leader, Bob Dalton, and seemed to consider that they had more in common than mere first names. The young ranch hand was greatly impressed with the Dalton gang's reputation and reports of their big money train robberies.

Upon returning to the Cherokee Nation after being released of the assault charge at Fort Smith, Bob Rogers began to attract others of his age and disposition. Within a few months he had assembled a gang to follow him into his chosen career. Seeking a more exciting life than they could foresee in their present roles, Bob Stiteler, Willis Brown, "Dynamite Jack," and his brother "Kiowa" Turner, joined Rogers. The quintet then set forth to seek their fortune on the foul side of the law. Bob's brother Sam and a Ralph Halleck, later joined his outlaw band.

The Rogers gang's first encounter with the law was in the summer of 1892, and may have been committed to emulate one of the first crimes that Bob Dalton was charged with; "larceny of horses." Rogers and his recruits were suspected of stealing some horses in the Cherokee Nation and selling them in Arkansas. Deputy U.S. Marshal Hickman "Heck" Bruner, with a posse, arrested the five young men and escorted them to Fort Smith. The Rogers gang was to be charged with the theft, but for some unknown reason, the case was dismissed. Judge Isaac Parker gave the errant boys a stern lecture and strongly advised them to mend their

W CAREER OF GERS

By KEN BUTLER

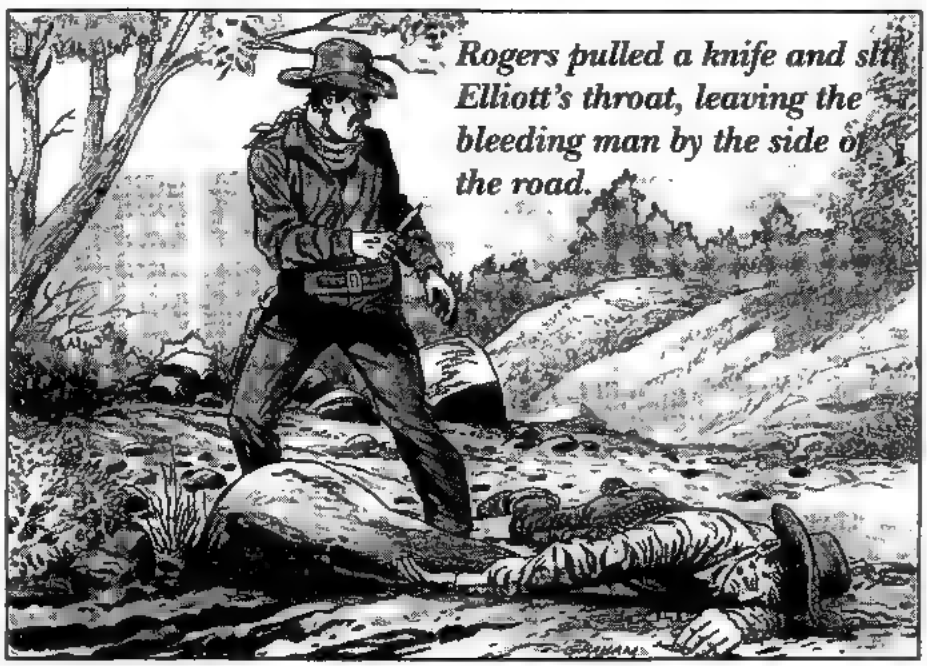
ways. The judge warned young Rogers, in particular, that death would result if he continued his current course.

Upon being released of the charges at Fort Smith, Bob Rogers again returned to the Cherokee Nation. He then went to work for Jim Dougherty on a ranch near Catoosa. Whatever deterrent from his past and inspiration to alter his future that Judge Parker might have instilled in the youth, was apparently soon forgotten.

Deputy Constable Jess W. Elliott of the Cherokee Indian Police was a forty-year-old part Cherokee from Vinita. He was also an attorney and had practiced law for ten years, in both the Cherokee and U.S. courts. Deputy Elliott was dispatched early on the morning of Tuesday November 3, 1892, to serve some legal papers at Catoosa. After arriving at his destination in the afternoon, Elliott and Bob Rogers got into a confrontation in the town's pool hall.

It was reported that both men were drunk when they started to argue over some unknown point of conversation. Words soon escalated to violence as Rogers knocked Elliott to the floor and began beating him unmercifully. Bystanders pulled the young ranch hand from Elliott and hustled him outside. Deputy Elliott was detained until he could be revived. When Elliott recovered and felt able, he got on his horse and rode out of town.

He had ridden only a short distance from Catoosa when Rogers jumped from his hiding place by the side of the road. Rogers grabbed the horse's reins, pulled the startled constable from the saddle, and wrestled the older man to the ground. Rogers pulled a knife and slit Elliott's throat, leaving the bleeding man by the side of the road. An approaching traveler saw Rogers leaving the scene. Arriving at the site, the witness saw Elliott in the throes of death. Unable to forestall the inevitable, the traveler watched Elliott die moments later.



Rogers pulled a knife and slit Elliott's throat, leaving the bleeding man by the side of the road.

A dispatch was sent to Deputy U.S. Marshal John Taylor, also a Cherokee police officer, requesting his presence. Dr. Warren and some of neighbors planned to watch the body until Taylor arrived. Shortly after dark, Bob Rogers returned to the scene and rode amidst the group. He jumped his horse over the fire and scared away those who were present. As the frightened attendants ran from the site, Rogers leaped from his mount, and pounced upon the corpse.

Those who fled and had paused in the darkness, to observe the spectacle of the morbid murderer, were witness to the gruesome performance of an obvious maniac. Their eyes filled with disbelief as they watched Rogers kick and stomp his victim. He then put on Elliott's hat while searching the dead man's pockets and looking through the papers that he found. The

EXHIBITED

demented killer left the constable's desecrated remains, shortly before Deputy John Taylor arrived and took charge of the body.

Officers trailed Bob Rogers to Sapulpa, and learned at a blacksmith shop that he had rode in Saturday morning and had his horse shod. Bob had tauntingly left word for his pursuers with the farrier, "that he was going west."

The mutilated body of Constable Elliott was returned to Vinita on Saturday. Those who saw his remains related that even more grotesque than the three grisly gashes that slit his throat, was the victim's disfigured head and torso. His swollen face was badly bruised and severely cut from Roger's stomping boot heels and jutting spurs. Jess Elliott left a wife and children. He was laid to rest in a small cemetery a few miles south of Vinita, where several members of his family had been buried.

Bob Rogers kept a low profile until Friday, June 30, 1893. Shortly after J.F. Tibbs, the Frisco railway agent at Chelsea, returned to work his evening stint, the Rogers gang rode to the depot. A couple of the young renegades dismounted and entered the station, as the others remained with the horses and maintained surveillance of the area. The two well-armed bandits forced the agent to open the safe, making off with $418.

A few days later the gang hit the railroad depot at Blue Jacket. Using the same plan as before, they encountered no problem in robbing the station safe. Within a few minutes, the gang escaped with the booty.

These successful robberies prompted Bob Rogers to seek a more ambitious goal. He led his renegades into southern Kansas, where they robbed the bank at Mound Valley, on Thursday, July 13, 1893. Three members of the gang entered the bank at noon, when only cashier J.O. Wilson was present. The cashier was bound and gagged by the armed trio, who then removed some eight hundred dollars from the money drawer. After a quick, unsuccessful search for more money, the robbers left the bank. Wilson was unable to free himself for several minutes, which permitted the outlaw band to be well out of town by the time that he could sound the alarm.

The bandits were last seen riding south toward Indian Territory, only fourteen miles away. Henry Starr and his desperadoes were suspects in the Mound Valley Bank robbery, as were the Rogers and Wooten gangs. Each of the three outlaw bands nested in Cherokee Nation.

Following the heist of the Kansas bank, lawmen throughout the Cherokee Nation were on the lookout for the robbers. Deputy U.S. Marshal Heck Bruner, brother Wood Bruner, and "Dink" Douthitt located a house on the George Harlan farm a few miles west of Vinita. They believed the outlaws had made their rendezvous at the location. On Saturday July 29, Heck Bruner and his two deputies secreted themselves on the premises and waited for the suspects to return. Late in the evening, the gang began to converge into the area. The first to arrive were two young men who rode to the house. The officers stepped from hiding, identified themselves, and called for the suspects to surrender. When the young men ignored the officers' order and attempted to use their rifles as they tried to get away, the posse opened fire.

Both of the suspects were shot and their horses killed by the lawmen. The other members of the gang fled the area, leaving their companions behind. Ralph Halleck had been shot through the breast and died within minutes. When notified of his death, the outlaw's wife declined to take any action for his burial. Halleck's companion, Sam Rogers, was badly wounded in the hip.

Sam was arrested and taken to Fort Smith. J.O. Wilson, the cashier from the recently robbed Kansas bank, could not identify Sam as one of the robbers. Sam was held on charges of stealing horses from two farmers near Lenapah on July 12. He was also charged with "assault with intent to kill" on the three lawmen in the altercation near Vinita. He was tried in August 1893 and found not guilty of the assault charge as it pertained to the Bruner brothers, but was convicted of "assault with intent to kill" in regard to Dink Douthitt. Sam's hip wound was considered a permanent handicap and he was released on bond in late August 1893 to await sentencing.

During the late afternoon of December 22, 1893, the Rogers gang attempted to rob a Missouri, Kansas & Texas passenger train near Kelso, five miles north of Vinita. The five outlaws used an axe to cut the staple that secured the locking switch, then set the track to divert the train onto a siding. When the south-bound train arrived a few minutes later, the engineer was greeted with gunshots as the train was sent down the alternate track.

Knowing that the junction was equipped with a "split switch" and there were no cars on the railings, the engineer sped the train through the siding and returned to the main track. Despite the engineer's quick thinking and prompt reaction, the crew suffered one casualty during the gang's foiled attempt.

Charles Milne, the fireman, had been hit by one of the bandit's bullets. The projectile had struck him in the face and tore away part of his jaw. Milne was taken aboard the next train and returned to his home in Parsons, Kansas. In October 1894, Milne was sent to New York City, where his jaw was to be reconstructed.

As darkness closed in on Christmas eve, the Rogers gang struck again. On this occasion they hit an Arkansas Valley passenger train at Seminole, a few miles south of Coffeyville, Kansas. Having recently learned a lesson about train robbery, the outlaws chose a site that had railroad cars parked on the siding, then threw the switch. Within a few minutes the expected south-bound train arrived and as it braked to a stop, one of the bandits took charge of the engineer and fireman.

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The other four went through the train, and while keeping up a fusillade to intimidate passengers and crew, stole everything of value. They commandeered the express money and mail, then robbed the passengers of money, jewelry, watches, overcoats, and pocket knives. After about an hour and a half, they permitted the train to resume its journey to Fort Smith.

Bob Rogers had refused to let his youngest brother, Jim, ride with his gang. On December 30, 1893, Jim recruited an older neighbor boy, Carmie Rivenburg, and they began their own careers of crime. With Jim as the leader, the two novices held-up the post office and store at Hayden, ten miles east of Nowata. Postmaster Henry C. Hayden, and customers Harry Still and Alanzo Mauley, were robbed by the gun-wielding Jim Rogers and his cohort. Later, Frank Rogers located his teenage son and Rivenburg, then delivered the wayward pair to the officials at Fort Smith, where they were charged with the robbery. Each was tried and convicted in April 1894. Jim was sentenced to three years in the District of Columbia reform school, and Carmie Rivenburg was to serve four years in prison.

Shortly before midnight Monday, January 8, 1894, a posse led by Deputy U.S. Marshal William C. "Bill" Smith found Bob Rogers and Bob Stiteler at the home of Henry Daniels, Roger's brother-in-law. The officers burst into the house and found the outlaw leader sitting alone, barefoot, in front of the fireplace. Rogers was seized before he could offer any resistance. The officers learned that Stiteler was in an upstairs bedroom. Daniels was ordered to go up and bring him down, which he did. When the "wanted men" were dressed and the posse was preparing to take them away, Rogers knocked down one of the deputies, and the two outlaws attempted to make a break. Rogers escaped into the darkness but Stiteler failed to get away. Deputy Smith transported Stiteler to the Fort Smith jail. Seven indictments were filed against Stiteler, and he went to trial in April 1894. He was convicted, and sentenced to three years in prison, two of which were to be at hard labor.

Some two weeks after the encounter at the home of Henry Daniels, Deputy Marshals Heck Bruner, Bill Smith, and Charley Copeland, a postal inspector, and a railroad detective located Bob Rogers and the remaining three members of his gang. The Bruner posse found the outlaws at the home of Frank Rogers on the morning of Tuesday, January 23, 1894. Frank advised the officers that Bob and his friends had drank heavily the night before and were soundly asleep. Thinking that they might disarm and secure the four young hellions

Within a few minutes the expected southbound train arrived and as it braked to a stop, one of the bandits took charge of the engineer and fireman.

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before they awoke, the lawmen silently crept to the upstairs room with Bruner, carrying a lantern, leading the way.

Kiowa Turner, who was sharing a bed with Willis Brown, had apparently been aroused by the commotion. He opened fire as the lawmen approached. The officers returned the fire at the pair, as Brown was attempting to bring his weapon into play, when the lantern's flame flickered out. The posse's bullets struck Kiowa in the head and heart, killing him instantly. Brown was also hit twice, which rendered him unable to use his gun. The officers then arrested the wounded Willis Brown, along with Bob Rogers and Dynamite Jack. Although the latter two were in the room where the shooting occurred, neither had fired a shot.

The posse took the dead outlaw and their three captives to Vinita, where the wounds of Willis Brown were tended. Brown responded well to the doctor's treatment and appeared to be strong enough to travel. A few hours after their arrival at Vinita, the three prisoners were put aboard a train destined for Fort Smith.

The body of Kiowa was left at Vinita pending confirmation of identity and authority to release the body. His parents, who lived at Eureka, Kansas, were notified of his death. The Turners responded but did not come to claim their son's remains. The parents only requested that he be given a decent burial. On Sunday, January 28, 1894, their request was carried out at Vinita.

Shortly after delivery to Fort Smith, the wounded Willis Brown took a turn for the worse. As death drew near, he confessed to his role in numerous crimes. Brown admitted participating in robbing the railroad stations at Chelsea and Blue Jacket, the Mound Valley bank robbery, attacking the train at Kelso, and the train robbery at Seminole. Five days after the prisoner had been taken to Fort Smith, his body was released to his parents, who lived near Chelsea.

The same day that Kiowa Turner was buried, and the body of Willis Brown was returned, Bob Rogers also arrived at Vinita. Rogers had been bailed out of the Fort Smith jail on an eight thousand dollar bond, which was reported to have been provided by an uncle, Robert W. Rogers, who lived in Arkansas. Soon after Rogers came back from Fort Smith, a rumor circulated throughout the area that Bob's quick discharge from jail was only a part of a deal that the outlaw leader had negotiated. The common talk developed into a generally held opinion, that Rogers had betrayed his confederates. In return, he was to receive a portion of the reward money and immunity from the charges pending against him.

The label of a traitor became firmly affixed to the name of Bob Rogers. Having never been popular in the Cherokee Nation, he was now considered to be the absolute scum of the earth. Not to imply that robbery was condoned by the populace of Cherokee Nation, it was however, thought to be a noble deed when compared to the dastardly act of betraying one's own followers.

Dynamite Jack was being held in the Fort Smith jail when Bob Rogers was freed. He was indicted on seven counts of larceny and was tried in April 1894. Dynamite Jack Turner was found "guilty as charged" and was sentenced to fifteen years in prison, five of which were to be at hard labor.

For some time after his release, it appeared that Bob was no longer an active outlaw, instead living off his ill-gotten share of the bounties. In October 1894, it was reported that the charges pending against Rogers had been nulled by the attorney general at Fort Smith. It was then rumored that he had been commissioned as a deputy.

Within a few months it was believed that Bob had spent his portion of the reward money and became suspected of stealing cattle. This rumored cattle rustling operation, in the northern part of Cherokee Nation, extended into Montogomery County of southern Kansas. It was thought that Rogers disposed of his stolen beef in the town of Edna.

In late February 1895, an arrest warrant was requested by Deputy U.S. Marshal Issac "Ike" Rogers against Bob Rogers for introducing and selling whiskey in Cherokee Nation. The deputy reported that Bob Rogers had sold six gallons of whiskey to John Pascal and a Will Swain on February 17, 1895.

Deputy U.S. Marshal E.D. Jackson of Nowata requested a warrant from Marshal Crump at Fort Smith, for the arrest of Bob Rogers and a Bill Elmore. The charge was robbery of C.W. Adams on February 27, 1895. The victim reported that the pair had held him up for four dollars.

A few days later, Deputy U.S. Marshal A.I. Laudis, at Bartlesville, requested a writ from Marshal Crump for Bob Rogers and an unknown accomplice. The charge was highway robbery of three dollars from a William Wiley on March 7, 1895. While these suspected crimes were being reported by the deputy marshals, there had been another raid on cattle in the area. Rogers was agin the prime suspect.

The citizens of the community believed that Rogers had betrayed his own companions to gain favor for himself, and became disgusted with the law and its lack of justice. They were gravely aware that three of the men who had rode the outlaw trail with Bob Rogers had been killed by officers, and two were doing time in prison. The other, his brother Sam, was crippled for life. Only Bob Rogers, the perfidious leader, had escaped unblemished and unpunished.

The disdain that the people had developed for Rogers, and the recent cattle thefts, prompted the citizenry to take action. Deputy U.S. Marshal Jim Mayes was also a member of the local anti-horse-thief association. He became the leader of a group of citizens intent on stopping Bob Rogers.

Members of the association watched Frank Rogers' place, hoping to spot the son returning home. On the evening of March 14, 1895,

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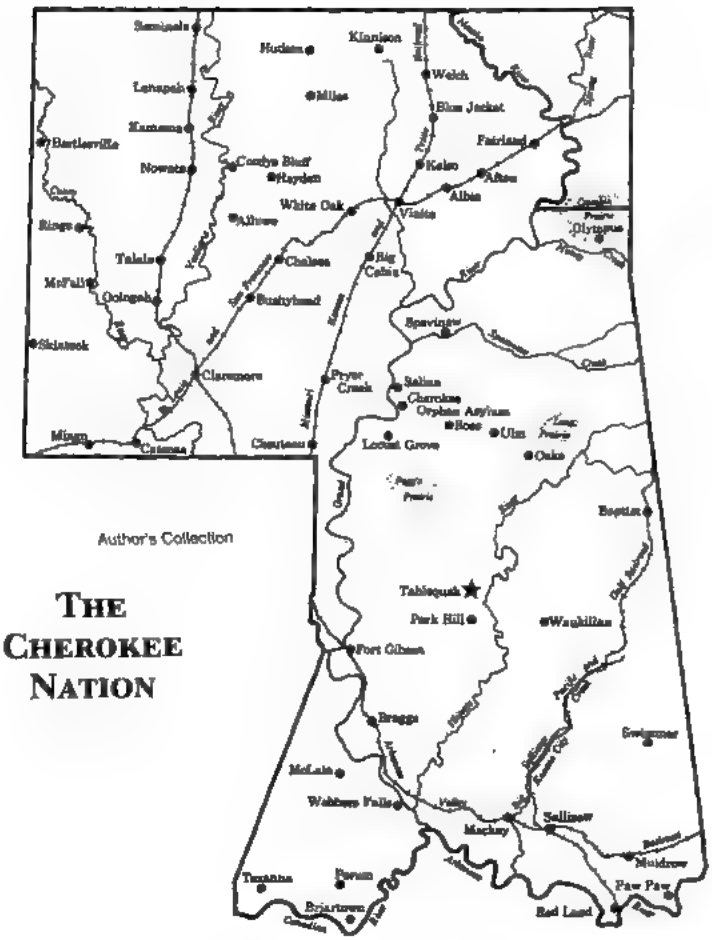
Bob was sighted near Horseshoe Mound, riding toward his father's house. The next morning, Deputy Mayes led a dozen men through the darkness toward the Rogers place. After placing several men around the home, Mayes knocked on the door and advised Frank that the place was surrounded.

Frank went upstairs to advise his son to surrender. As the elder Rogers returned to the lower floor, Bob defiantly opened fire from his position. In reply, the posse commenced shelling the upstairs. After some two hundred rounds had been fired, Deputy Mayes halted the shooting.

When they could get no response from Rogers, three of the posse volunteered to enter the house and investigate. W.D. McDaniel led the way, followed by Phil Williams and C.E. Smith. As the trio reached the top of the stairs, Bob Rogers, laying in wait, triggered his weapon. His first shot hit McDaniel in the heart, killing him instantly. Bob's second shot tore through Williams' right arm, knocking him and Smith down the stairwell.

When Williams and Smith ran from the house and reported the fate of McDaniels, the posse unleashed another barrage on the house. This volley continued for several minutes, pumping hundreds of rounds into the structure. Mayes again halted the shooting and yelled at Bob to surrender. The lone gunman agreed to come out, if allowed to keep his rifle. Bob was advised that he could bring his rifle, if he kept the muzzle down. Within a few moments, Bob Rogers emerged through the doorway, carrying the lowered rifle. Standing on the porch in the semi-darkness, he appeared to be unscathed in contrast to the splintered house. With but slight hesitation and seemingly undaunted, Bob began walking slowly into the yard toward Jim Mayes. As he approached, brief words were exchanged between Rogers and Mayes. Suddenly, the rising movement of Bob's rifle was detected in the dawn's dim light of Friday, March 15, 1895.



The Cherokee Nation

Immediately, several bullets struck Bob Rogers and he fell upon the ground, dead.

A March 21, 1895, article in *The Indian Chieftain*, Vinita's newspaper, reported that

> There may be regrets among the officers of the government at Ft. Smith and also in the post office inspector's office at St. Louis, because of the killing of this miscreant, but the good people of the territory will say 'amen.' Rogers was the leader and organizer of as blood-thirsty lot of cut-throats as were ever banded together in this country, and in compromising with him, permitting him to betray them into the officer's hands in exchange for immunity, the authorities were guilty of one of the most reprehensible acts ever perpetrated upon a decent community.

During his last four years, Bob Rogers had been accused of murder, train robbery, bank robbery, assault with intent to kill, stealing horses, rustling cattle, and numerous other felonious acts. In spite of being arrested and jailed several times for many violations of the law, there is no record that he was ever tried or convicted on any charge. Bob's sway with the officials had set him apart from all others. The outlaw leader had manipulated and had never been held accountable for his crimes. The source that provided the series of elusive events, that had prolonged his life as an outlaw, had also instilled the wrath that caused his death.

The posse that did away with Bob Rogers had no warrant for his arrest, nor is there any record that they requested one. The demise of the devious outlaw came at the hands of a group of dedicated men who responded to the situation to see that justice prevailed.

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When asked in later years about his Confederate guerrilla exploits and the men he had killed while one of Quantrill's raiders, William McWaters answered simply, "People weren't particular to a corpse or two."

The Terrible McWaters

Part One • By Elmer D. McInnes

The American Civil War has been credited with spawning more than a few gunmen and outlaws. The most famous of these would, of course, be the James and Younger brothers who stepped out of the great conflict to become the most notorious bank and train robbers in western history. Others, such as Cullen Baker, Wild Bill Hickok, and Clay Allison, also emerged from the war experience with a perceived attitude of fatalism and, perhaps, somewhat inured to violence on the frontier

One of the lesser known, but possibly one of the most violent and vicious gunmen to come out of the Missouri guerrilla bands of the Civil War, proved to be a young man named William McWaters. McWaters has been ignored by western chroniclers despite his having conducted a reign of terror during the middle 1870s and writing his name in blood all the way to the Pacific Northwest. Eventually, newspapers from New York to San Francisco would be printing sketches of his life and exploits.

William E. McWaters was born in 1844 in Cedar County, Missouri, the son of Hugh and Mary McWaters, natives of Kentucky. He grew up and toiled on the family farm situated near the county seat of Stockton along with his one older, and two younger brothers, and four younger sisters. Sometime subsequent to 1860 and the commencement of the Civil War young William left home and threw in his lot on the side of the Confederacy.

According to later sources McWaters first joined a gang of Confederate sympathizers in the burning of the Platte River bridge in northwestern Missouri, causing the derailment of a troop train and the deaths of a number of Union soldiers. He is next reported to have joined the regular Confederate Army and served under General Sterling Price for six months. Upon returning home and finding the family residence in ashes, his father and brother dead at the hands of Union militia, and his mother and other siblings driven into exile, he resolved to join William Clark

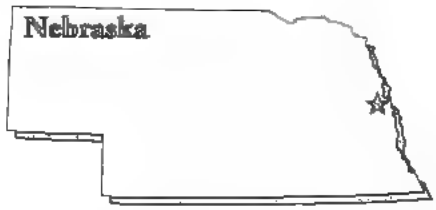
Quantrill's renowned band of guerrilla fighters. The nineteen-year-old McWaters was one of 450 determined men who sacked Lawrence, Kansas, in 1863. Throughout the rest of the war he is said to have served under both Quantrill, and later "Bloody Bill" Anderson, in numerous raids. When asked in later years about his guerrilla exploits and the men he had killed, McWaters answered simply, "People weren't particular to a corpse or two."

William McWaters' first recorded escapade of violence in peace time occurred in Platte City, Missouri, on the evening of Tuesday, August 21, 1866. Shortly after the war, McWaters moved to Platte City, located about fifteen miles northwest of Kansas City near the Kansas state line. The Platte City area had been the scene of much fighting during the late conflict and McWaters continued to roam Platte County with a number of other disreputable characters. For a time he operated a saloon in Platte City.

On the evening of August 21 the tranquility of Platte City was shattered by the appearance of William McWaters and a companion, John Taylor. Apparently upon no more motivation than a lark the pair raced their horses the length of Main Street, firing several shots from their revolvers. They then headed out of town on the Weston and Platte City turnpike, nearly running down a number of young ladies out for a leisurely evening stroll. Just outside of the city they chanced to encounter a local citizen driving a wagon, his dog trailing behind. McWaters and Taylor fired on the animal, slightly wounding it, before halting about a mile from the outskirts of Platte City where they dismounted and commenced reloading their pistols in preparation for another pass through town.

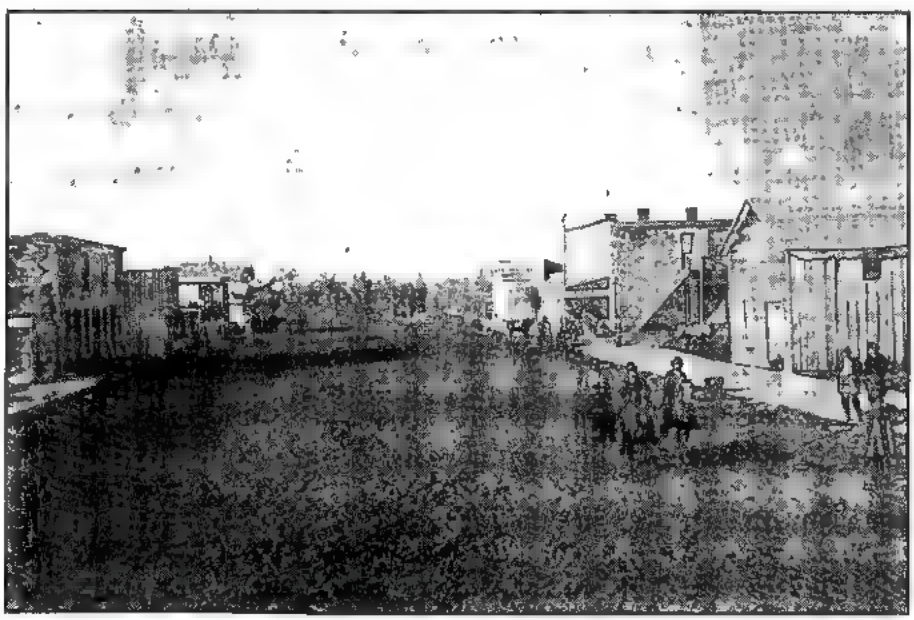
In the meantime, Township Constable H. T. Callahan and a hastily organized posse mounted up and dashed out in hot pursuit of the rowdies. They quickly rode up on the two men as McWaters and Taylor continued to reload their revolvers. Upon being ordered to surrender the pair leapt back into their saddles and unleashed a volley of pistol shots into the posse. Jerking their horses around they then made a dash down the road. Callahan and his posse of citizens returned the fire. McWaters spurred his mount and made good his escape. Taylor wobbled in the saddle, jumped from his mount, and ran into the surrounding brush. He was found there early the next morning, sitting with his back against a tree, a bullet wound through his mid section. He died shortly after being carted into town. The Platte County *Reveilli* reported, "These men—Taylor and McWaters—are bad men, and have been strolling through the county for some time. Both had served in the Rebel Army, and are at present bush-whackers."

Following his Platte City difficulties, McWaters moved some twenty-five miles north to the city of St. Joseph. In St. Joseph he was unable to remain out of trouble for long. In 1869 he became embroiled in another shooting scrape in or near the city resulting in the death of a Buchanan County deputy sheriff. Although the details are somewhat obscure, McWaters found it necessary to make a hasty departure from St. Joseph during the later part of



1869 with a reward of $1,500 on his head. In fact, he vacated the entire state of Missouri and took up residence in the community of Wyoming, just across the border in southeastern Nebraska. With him went his young bride, the former Miss Susie Davis, who he had met on a previous foray into Wyoming. Despite his many transgressions, she would prove a devoted wife to the notorious badman throughout his life, eventually presenting him with two healthy children.

The Cass, Otoe, Nemaha, Richardson County area in the southeast corner of Nebraska was a well known vacation spot for former Missouri guerrillas during the era, including Jesse and Frank James. Wyoming and Nebraska City, both located in Otoe County, were particular favorites. McWaters made this area his stomping grounds in late 1869. By 1870 he worked as a common laborer around Wyoming. His extra curricular activities were somewhat more exotic and he soon gained a reputation as a holy terror



Western Publications

Lawrence, Kansas, 1864.

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in the community.

Often accompanied by his brother-in-law, Thomas Woodson—a dangerous gunman in his own right—Harry Lacy, and a notorious area badman with the melodious name of Quinn Bohannon, with whom he would later have a falling out, McWaters roamed the small towns and countryside of the area conducting his brand of rough horseplay and indiscriminate firing off of pistols. Despite most of McWaters' antics being considered mere boisterous rowdyism, rumors soon spread to the effect that he and his group were involved with a state-wide ring of horse and mail thieves extending into Kansas, Missouri, Indian Territory, and Texas. If so, the events of January 1873 may have had a connection to this alleged involvement.

One day early in January, McWaters, Woodson, and Lacy went on a drunken debauch in Wyoming. Entering Wyoming's combination store/post office, they commenced destroying post office property, opening packages and letters, and finally ended the affair by assaulting Dr. Gaither Wolf, the deputy postmaster. Postmaster M. J. Fenn quickly lodged a complaint with the authorities.

About two weeks later, January 21, Deputy United States Marshal Granville Hail of Omaha entered Wyoming with three federal warrants in his pocket; one each for McWaters, Woodson, and Lacy. Hail, despite having had his right arm amputated sometime previously, was considered a brave and competent lawman. Approaching McWaters on a Wyoming street, Hail informed him he was under arrest and demanded of him the whereabouts of Woodson and Lacy. McWaters showed no resistance and agreed to take the lawman to his two partners if Hail would first take him to the store in order that he might lay in a supply of groceries for his wife and young boy. Hail acquiesced.

Entering the store lot, the two men passed Postmaster Fenn, who was chopping a supply of firewood. At this point McWaters began to get boisterous.

Shouting an oath at Fenn, McWaters growled, "There's a_____ I'm going to kill," then passed into the building and down the steps into the basement where the store and post office were located. Anticipating trouble, Fenn rushed inside and grabbed a revolver for protection. A woman in the building then locked the inside basement door, thus preventing McWaters from coming up into the upstairs portion.

McWaters suddenly drew a concealed revolver and shot the one-armed Deputy Marshal Hail in his one good arm, putting him out of action.

In the basement, McWaters confronted Wolf and his nephew, a man named Barlow. A heated argument ensued, where upon McWaters suddenly drew a concealed revolver and shot the one-armed Deputy Marshal Hail in his one good arm, putting him out of action. Barlow then pulled his own revolver and he and McWaters traded three or four shots without effect. Dr. Wolf also produced a pistol and fired. His one shot clipped the end off of McWaters' finger before lodging in his left arm. After firing, Wolf ran up the stairs leading to the main floor of the building but found his escape barred by the locked door. He turned around just as McWaters triggered a shot at him. The slug struck Wolf in the abdomen and he tumbled down the stairs, grievously wounded. McWaters dashed up the stairs leading to the outside and made his escape, followed seconds later by Barlow.

After bidding his son and pregnant wife good-bye, McWaters decamped for Sydney, Iowa, some fifteen miles northeast. Here he convinced a doctor to remove the bullet from his arm by telling him he had accidentally shot himself. He then disappeared for parts unknown. After giving a statement concerning the affair, Dr. Wolf died later that night.

Many people in and around Wyoming were of the opinion that Barlow had been in on a plot to aid in McWaters' escape. The *Nebraska City News* stated as a matter-of-fact: "McWaters and Barlow both emptied their six shooters, pretending to shoot at each other, but without effect, although the former at least is know to be a 'dead Shot'—can uncork a bottle at forty paces any time with his pistol, and would just as leave shoot a man as a prairie chicken."

Of McWaters' two partners, Harry Lacy managed to flee the area, never to be apprehended. Tom Woodson, however, was arrested in late January. Following a hearing on the charge of tampering with the U.S. mails, he managed to gain an acquittal due to lack of evidence. He stated his belief that his brother-in-law would soon come in and give himself up. This assumption proved false.

Finally, on May 5, the sheriff of Nodaway County, Missouri, arrested William McWaters without incident in Kansas City. Since his departure from Nebraska, McWaters had been living and working as a professional gambler in Kansas City under the assumed name of Woodson. He was immediately transported to the county jail at Nebraska City before being transferred to the more secure confines of the state prison at Lincoln.

Meanwhile some interesting developments lay ahead. Somehow, County Prosecutor V. Bierbower managed to convince McWaters' old drinking buddy, Quinn Bohannon, to act as a witness for the prosecution at the upcoming trial. As a result of this turn of events, Bohannon and Tom Woodson engaged in an exchange of revolver shots near Nebraska City on July 29. About a week later, on August 5, Woodson shot and killed the myste-

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rious Barlow on the streets of Percival, Iowa. In October 1874, Woodson would receive a sentence of four years in the Fort Madison, Iowa, penitentiary for this killing.

McWaters fared much better than his brother-in-law in his own trial held during the second week of September 1873 in Nebraska City. Due to controversial testimony claiming that Gaither Wolf had fired the first shot in the January tragedy, McWaters won an acquittal on the grounds of self-defense. This good fortune failed to have a ameliorating effect on "Mac," as he was known around Wyoming and Nebraska City. Shortly he was back frequenting the saloons and gambling dives of the two communities.

Friday, February 13, 1874, proved to be an unlucky day for someone in Nebraska City. All morning McWaters and a young friend, John Crook, had been moving from one drinking establishment to another. By noon both men were well in their cups. McWaters commenced boasting that he would shoot a local storekeeper, Pete Dold, before dusk. Early that afternoon the two ruffians burst into Dold's store and began a verbal onslaught against him. All at once, without warning, McWaters and Crook pulled their revolvers and opened fire. A slug grazed Dold's head and he collapsed to the floor, stunned but not seriously hurt. Another bullet slightly grazed the head of a customer named Schweitzer. As the gunmen continued to wildly trigger their revolvers, a young German immigrant who clerked for Dold, Rudolf Werth, stepped out to see what all the commotion was about. A bullet caught him just below the eye and passed into his skull. He died within four days of being shot.

McWaters and Crook burst out of the store only to find that their two-horse sleigh had disappeared, the horses having taken flight at the sound of gunfire. The two men raced out of town on foot, stealing a pair of horses at a nearby farm and galloping off in a southerly direction. Newly elected Otoe County Sheriff Frank Farber, Nebraska City Marshal Tom Thomas, and a local detective named Mike Bauers hastily organized a posse and thundered off in pursuit.

Nebraska State Historical Society

Quinn Bohannan, on his first of two entries in the Nebraska State Prison in 1874.

The *Nebraska City News* of February 14, 1874, editorialized: "Let them be hunted down like mad dogs, say we. This is the fourth or fifth man MacWaters [sic] has killed, and as many more wounded; yet he has always managed to slip through the law. It is time he was fixed; and if law can't reach him, let bullets try him a lick."

The posse finally cornered the pair near the small town of Hamburg early the next morning. Shooting was averted when McWaters and Crook surrendered. Despite threats of lynching, the pair were returned to Nebraska City and placed in the county jail under armed guard. Due to legal technicalities their case was postponed in March to a future meeting of the court to be held later in the year. Neither man would be around to answer the call of justice.

Realizing he was not likely to get off as easily a second time as he had the first, McWaters bided his time until the evening of April 10. On this night, as their cell was unlocked to give them their evening meal, McWaters and Crook suddenly drew concealed pistols, forced the jailer into the cell, locked the door, and walked out. Running to an alley behind the Presbyterian Church, the escapees mounted two horses waiting for them there and galloped out of town. A strong suspicion was manifest against John Crook's father and brother in aiding the escape. In fact, both would be arrested a few days later on suspicion, but were just as quickly released due to lack of evidence.

The fugitives first headed north to Wyoming where friends of McWaters gave them provisions, then headed south toward Kansas and Indian Territory. Soon after crossing the border from Kansas into Indian Territory, their scant supply of money exhausted, McWaters allowed Crook to sell his mount, at which point they split up.

McWaters headed back into Kansas on foot, while Crook rode the remaining horse deeper south into Texas. This was the last time McWaters and Crook would set eyes on each other. Over two years later, in late December 1876, John Crook was arrested and jailed at Santa Fe, New Mexico, for the robbery of a stagecoach near Tularosa in southern New Mexico. Two days before Sheriff Farber arrived from Nebraska, however, Crook broke jail and was never heard from again.

"The Terrible McWaters" will conclude in the February *True West*.

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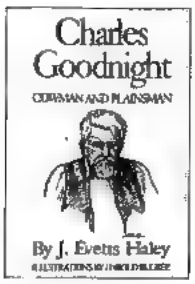

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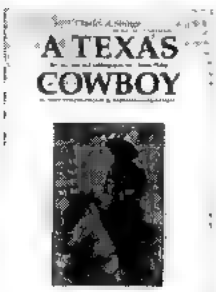

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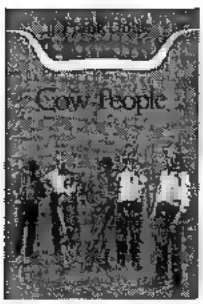

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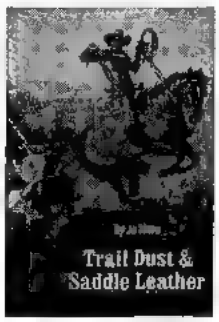

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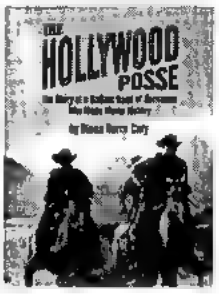

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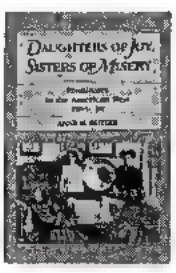

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Reviews

Western Violence

Homicide, Race and Justice in the American West, 1880-1920, by Clare B. McKanna, Jr. (University of Arizona Press, Tucson, Arizona 85721. 206 pages, 13 photos, 23 tables, 3 maps. $40.00 hardcover.)

How wild was the Wild West? Wilder than you ever imagined, though your chances of achieving posthumous fame by getting shot by the likes of John Wesley Hardin or Billy the Kid were minuscule compared to the odds of being ignominiously killed by your drinking mate at the corner saloon. And if you were the defendant in that shooting, your ethnicity often played a pivotal role in how you were treated by the courts. These are the two central conclusions arrived at by Clare B. McKanna, Jr., a professor of history at San Diego State University, in this remarkable new study.

McKanna scrutinized police, court, and newspaper homicide records in three western counties, Douglas (Nebraska), Las Animas (Colorado), and Gila (Arizona), between 1880 and 1920. What he found was an astonishing level of fatal mayhem.

What accounted for the high level of violence? First and foremost, a volatile mix of men, plus guns, plus, alcohol existed in these three counties. Most men carried handguns, often concealed, and a clear majority of the perpetrators and the victims had been drinking.

Some towns had one saloon per fifty residents. Quarrels over "'too much foam on the beer,' drinks on credit, fifty-cent bets, pool wagers, and other minor issues" quickly turned lethal. Indeed, bartending itself was a hazardous occupation, although McKanna lays to rest one myth—that of the shotgun under the bar. Perhaps desiring to maim as few customers as possible, bartenders preferred handguns.

Homicides boomed on weekends and between 6 PM and midnight. Saloons, the victim's home, and the streets were the most common killing fields. Oddly, few homicides occurred in the perpetrator's home. Quarrels and domestic disputes were the two most "common immediate causal factors." Some ninety-six percent of the killers were men, while almost one in five of the victims were women. So much for chivalry in the Old West.

A strong contributing factor to the intense mayhem was that a subculture of violence existed in some ethnic communities. In some cases it was a hair-trigger sense of honor, which ignited the slightest insult. McKanna mentions southern-born blacks and immigrant mediterraneans. In Douglas County the homicide rate among whites was a fraction of that among blacks, yet in Gila County, there didn't seem to be much difference in the homicide rate among the ethnic groups, white or minority.

In most cases, it is clear that the communities (largely controlled by northern European-whites) tolerated the violence. For example, juries typically did not have high conviction rates, especially if the perpetrator was a white, and most especially if the white had killed a minority. But Apache defendants in Gila and black defendants in Douglas counties were much more likely to be convicted, and invariably convicted if the homicide crossed ethnic lines. The juries seemed to be more tolerant of violence than they were sympathetic to racial minorities.

Interestingly, the chances of being killed by your employer—industrial manslaughter, as it were—dwarfed the odds of being shot in the street or brained in bed. Between 1910 and 1913, for example, more than 600 miners died in mining accidents in Las Animas County. By comparison, only 282 homicides (excluding the Ludlow massacre) were reported for the entire 1880-1920 period. No mine

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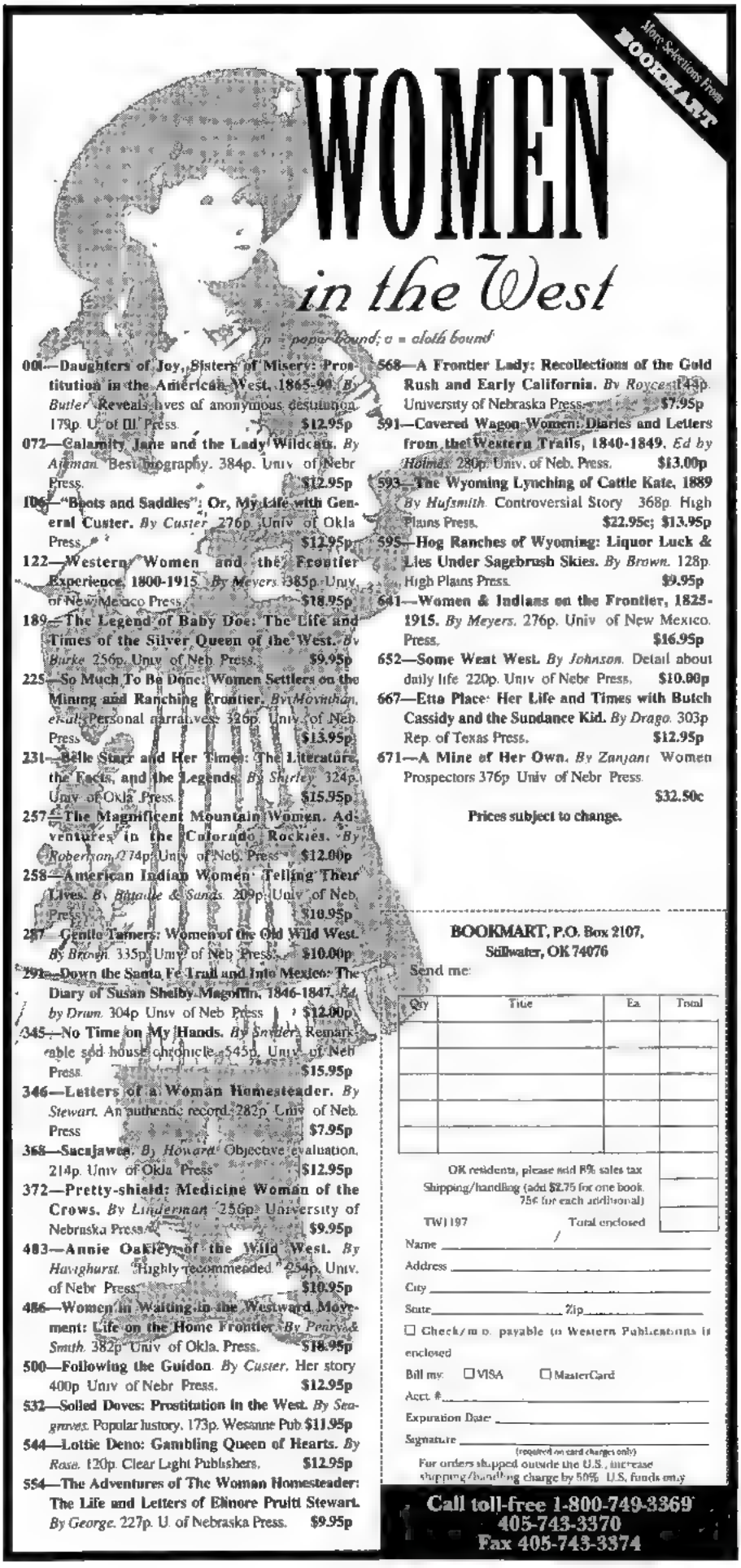
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owners were ever fined, let alone indicted.

Another surprise is that the homicide rates reported by McKanna are generally higher than those in the eastern cities of the era, and in some cases higher than the levels in today's bloodiest cities. Trinidad, in Las Animas County, had a homicide rate ten times that of New York City. Gila County attained vertiginous killing levels in the 1880s, almost double those of our nation's modern murder capital, Washington, DC. The average homicide rate among all ethnic groups in Gila over the period of the study was an astonishing 70 per 100,000 (roughly Washington's rate today)

A comparison of homicide rates with the numbers of single and married males, would have been useful: In other words, did family life dampen homicidal urges? Also, McKanna treats vendettas, quarrels, and lynchings as independent phenomena, although it struck me that they have a certain pathological link. But these are minor questions. *Homicide, Race, and Justice in the American West* is a first-rate contribution to western historiography. No one ever again will be able to write about violence on the frontier without first consulting McKanna's absorbing study.—*Dan Buck, Washington, DC.*

Western Women

Writing the Range: Race, Class and Culture in the Women's West, edited by Elizabeth Jameson and Susan Armitage. (University of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Ave., Norman, OK 73070. $45.00 cloth, $29.95 paper.)

Periodically writers, publishers and film-makers all utter the ludicrous belief that "the Western is dead." Certainly the Western as the "good guy on the white horse," and Jeff Chandler wrapped in a blanket and portraying Cochise have receded into the archives of memory, mix-used, over-done, the pipe dreams of historical illiterates.

However, Elizabeth Jameson, associate professor of history at the

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University of New Mexico, and Susan Armitage, professor of history at Washington State University, have edited a well-written, well documented look at women and minorities on the American frontier. This work can and should keep Hollywood and Publisher's Row, not to mention astute readers of history and writers of fiction, in stimulating material for the next fifty years.

For anyone with imagination or the curiosity to wonder what really went on in the West besides cattle drives and stagecoach holdups, it's all here in straightforward, unbiased accounts. Note the word *unbiased*. This is not a feminist or revisionist tract but fine historical writing.

There are chapters on Spanish settlers in New Mexico, on the American Indians and the impact of colonization on women, men, and their tribes, on Slavic, Chinese, Basque, Irish and black immigrants and their contribution to Western culture. Courtship, prostitution, boarding houses, wills and land grants, the cost of a meal and a room, the price of a ticket for a voyage from Europe to Montana—it's all here in minute and fascinating detail.

This is history, not a myth but the reality of a living country, and that country is ours.

Read this book. You won't be disappointed, and you'll finish it with reluctance. Imagine–all this ferment was happening all the time–and we thought those guys on the white horses shooting the evil-doers on the black ones were the only people out here.

No, the Western isn't dead. It hasn't even begun to live. The old saying about truth being stranger than fiction is proved in *Writing the Range*. It's a treasure.—*Jane Candia Coleman, Rodeo, New Mexico.*

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Spencer Ward of Gaithersburg, Maryland, writes with three-questions about gunfighter Luke L. Short. "Can anyone tell me near what present day Mississippi town Luke was born in?" and "What does the L in his name stand for?" and "Can anyone verify that a woman named Hattie Buck was Luke's wife?"

Luke's fame rests on not only the so-called "Dodge City War" in which he called in numerous other gunfighters such as Wyatt Earp and Bat Masterson to make sure he got a square deal, but also for his killing of Charlie Storms in Tombstone, on February 25, 1881. He was definitely a man who could take care of himself in a deadly situation.

Historian Jack DeMattos states that the deadly gambler was born Luke Lamar Short on February 19, 1854, near Laurel, Mississippi, some thirty miles north of Hattiesburg. Luke was the sixth of ten children born to Josiah Washington Short and Hettie Brumley Short. The Short family moved to Grayson County, Texas, and established a farm when Luke was two years old.

However, Wayne Short, a great nephew of Luke, utilized the 1860 Montague County, Texas, census for his family research and found that according to the enumeration, the first seven Short children, including Luke, were born in the state of Arkansas, not Mississippi.

In addition, Wayne Short was unable to verify the middle name of Luke. In the family there was a Lucian Bolden Short but this may be only a coincidence and Lamar could be correct.

Another interesting aspect to this problem is the wife of Luke and her name. Mr. Ward suggests her name was Hattie Buck. No marriage record of Luke and any woman has been found, hence it is surmised they engaged in a common law marriage. Her name? Olivia Robinson, in the May 1997 *"True West* Legends," gives the name as Hattie. Wayne Short in his research, and according to family tradition, indicates the woman's name was Hettie. It is possible that the name of Luke's mother, Hettie, and the pre-

sumed name of his wife, Hattie, became confused through the years. Or, they could have been the same name, but pronounced differently through the years. Hettie/Hattie could have easily been a nickname of Heather, or Henrietta. Hopefully continued research will resolve these questions.

Old Bill Williams

Ronald Mance, of Cicero, Illinois, has as a hobby of tracking western personalities by birth date and death date for his own specialized calendar. Some however are nearly impossible to determine. In a recent letter he inquires about Bill Williams and George Jackson.

William Sherley "Old Bill" Williams, a famous mountain man, was born June 3, 1787, and died March 21, 1849. He began very early as a mountain man and trapper, working the rivers in the southern Rockies as early as 1807. He served in the War of 1812 and later compiled an Osage-English dictionary for the United Foreign Missionary Society. During his career he trapped and hunted in much of the West and fought various Indians while scouting for the army. Alpheus H. Favour's *Old Bill Williams: Mountain Man*, published by the University of Oklahoma Press in 1962, remains the best biography.

Frontiersman George Jackson was born January 9, 1757. At an early age he was captain of scouts and in 1779 joined George Rogers Clark in Pittsburg for the planned expedition against Detroit. He studied law and became a member of the First Virginia Assembly in 1788. He held various political offices, including a congressional seat. He died May 17, 1831 and is buried in Zanesville, Ohio.

Perhaps a reader can help us out with several other names: Ben Dolliver, Lee Freeman, James Purcell and John Gregory. Both birth dates and death dates would be appreciated.

The Other Big Nose Kate

A reader has asked about "the other Big Nose Kate," in other

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words, not the woman so closely associated with Doc Holliday but one with the same nickname. Here again I appeal to readers. In Bob Boze Bell's *Illustrated Life and Times of Doc Holliday* he has a portrait of a woman identified as "Nosey Kate." This is as close as I could come. According to Bell, this "Nosey Kate" established Tombstone's first dance hall. Other than this I have nothing. Can a reader help in locating something about this "Big Nose" or "Nosey Kate" but not Doc Holliday's woman?

Butch's Boarding House

Harry G. Wilson, a resident of New York City, inquires about a statement he read in a James D. Horan book. According to Horan, Butch Cassidy, the Sundance Kid, and Etta Place stayed at a fashionable boarding house run by a Mrs. Thompson while in New York City. Following their New York City visit, the group, posing as "cattle buyers," left for South America.

"The boarding house at 325 E. 14th Street was still there when I checked it out a few weeks ago. Any tourist to New York with an interest can still see it. Is this right?"

As best as I can tell, they stayed at 234 West 12th Street, now the location of the Greenwich Theater, operated by a Catherine Taylor. This is according to Ed Kirby, in *The Rise and Fall of the Sundance Kid.* Anne Meadows states in *Digging Up Butch and Sundance* that they rented a boarding house at 234 West 12th Street, where they spent three weeks while touring the city. Being in New York City, perhaps Mr. Wilson can better examine the 1900 Sanborn Fire Insurance maps. They might provide a definite answer to this question.

If you have a question, send it to Chuck Parsons, Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076. Please keep questions brief. Sign your full name and address, including zip code. Names will be published if question is used. Space limitations may not permit us to use all questions. Due to the volume of mail, we cannot forward correspondence to people whose questions appear in "Answer Man."

Quaker Lawman

By Arthur Shoemaker

In 1873, when Benjamin Williams was sworn in as a special officer at the Darlington Agency in Indian Territory, he received these instructions, "Make friends with the Indians, chase Out the white buffalo hunters, and arrest as many horse thieves as you can find."

He was also issued a commission as deputy United States marshal and was to deliver white prisoners to the federal district court at Fort Smith, Arkansas, hundreds of miles away. The task ahead was awesome.

By executive order, the Cheyenne-Arapaho Reservation was established in 1869. It covered an area of about four million three hundred thousand acres bounded on the north by the Cherokee Outlet, on the west by the Texas panhandle, the south by the Kiowa-Comanche reservations, and the east by the Oklahoma lands.

Under the government policy, religious sects were requested to furnish Indian agents. The first agent for the Cheyenne-Arapahoes was a Quaker, Brinton Darlington. When he died in 1872, John D. Miles, another Quaker, was named as his replacement.

Born in January 1837, Benjamin F. Williams, was the fourth child and second son born to Dr. Dearman and Mary Williams. At the time, the Quaker family was living in Ohio. In 1855 Ben, his brother John, and two sisters left Ohio and moved to a farm in Iowa. In 1859, Ben fell victim to the Pike's Peak gold rush fever. He and two friends went prospecting at a place called Graham Gulch. The venture wasn't too profitable and Ben returned to Iowa at the outbreak of the Civil War.

Author's Collection

Benjamin F. Williams

Joining the Fifth Iowa Cavalry, he participated in the capture of Forts Donelson and Henry. Shortly after the battle of Pittsburg Landing, he was captured and spent nearly two years as a prisoner of war in various camps, including the notorious Andersonville.

While there, Ben slipped away from the guards during some confusion caused by the advance of Union forces. He made it to Union lines, but because his health had been shattered by the rigors of imprisonment he was furloughed home as an invalid. He recovered his health but by that time, the war was over. Then Agent Miles asked him to become a special officer at the Darlington Agency.

Moving to the reservation, Ben's task was not an easy one. He had to gain the confidence and friendship of the Indians to bring them under persuasive control. The Arapaho leaders sought peace and kept their camps fairly close to the agency. They received him more cordially and with more frankness than the Cheyennes.

During his visits to the far-flung camps, Williams quickly learned that whiskey peddlers were a constant source of trouble. They would slip across the line, swap whiskey for robes and horses, and slip back again. In one of his reports to Agent Miles, Williams wrote that he visited one camp and found everyone "roaring drunk."

In December 1873, Williams and fellow Deputy Marshal William Tally met on the Kansas border in an effort to halt trespassing buffalo hunters and stop illegal trading with the Indians. It was a difficult assignment.

In January 1874, they left Caldwell, Kansas, and moved south. In the first fifty miles of their trip they found large numbers of

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In the February issue of *True West*:

In the Alamo's Shadow. *By Ron Jackson.* Whether private servants, slaves, or freedmen, a handful of black participants of the Alamo siege have all but been forgotten.

Pat Garrett and the Las Cruces Bank Robbery. *By Harold Edwards.* New Mexico's most famous lawman heads for the mountains, and the courtroom, hot on the trail of bank robbers.

Fort Garland's Tom Tobin. *By Randy Smith.* Mountain man and tracker Tom Tobin leads the hunt for Colorado's vicious Espinosa brothers.

Chronicle Days: The De Young Boys and Their Newspaper. *By William B. Secrest.* Three rowdy brothers find adventure running the most notorious newspaper in San Francisco.

Tragic End for a Tough Pioneer. *By Elvis E. Fleming.* After ninety-three years of laying in an unmarked grave, a buffalo hunter and Staked Plains pioneer finally gets the recognition he deserves.

Ina Coolbrith: Wild West Poet. *By Maureen Bell.* Led to California by Jim Beckwourth, a young girl grows to become the nation's first poet laureate.

***True West* Legends: Will Carver.** *By Donna B. Ernst.* Working as a ranch hand in Texas, Will Carver meets the Kilpatrick brothers, the Ketchum brothers, and his destiny as an outlaw.

Look for the February issue of *True West* on the newsstand January 1.

skinned buffalo At one print, twenty-six rotting carcasses were seen within a half mile radius.

Knowing they hadn't the men to eject hunters even if they found them, the lawmen rode to Camp Supply to seek military assistance. With seven troopers of the Sixth Cavalry, they traveled through a snow storm to a dugout on the Cimarron River. They found six hunters taking shelter from the storm. Before their sweep was over, they raided four other camps and arrested six more hunters.

What Agent Miles and military men most feared erupted in the late spring of 1874. Most of the Cheyenne and a large part of the Comanche and Kiowa tribes left their reservations and took to the plains to war on the hated white buffalo hunters and settlers. Random acts of violence spread from the Texas panhandle north into western Kansas. Freighters were attacked, robbed, and killed. Surveying parties were forced to flee to the safety of Camp Supply.

In September 1874, the John German family was slowly making its way across western Kansas on the last leg of a trip from Georgia to Colorado Territory. At the same time, one band of Cheyenne warriors were headed north. The two groups met near the Colorado line and Mr. and Mrs. German, plus the oldest daughter, were slain. Four younger sisters were carried off as captives.

By November, a combined force of U.S. cavalry and infantry troops were operating in the Texas panhandle forcing the Indians to flee, leaving everything behind. In one camp, troopers found Julia and Adelaide, the two youngest German sisters. Years later, Williams wrote: "All the Indians were gone except one old woman guarding the girls who were seated on a buffalo robe."

An uneasy peace settled over the plains. Relentless pursuit by the army began to subdue most of the warring factions and force them back on the reservations. With the approach of winter, the Arapahoes at Darlington asked, and received, permission to travel west on a buffalo hunt to replenish their meat and robe supplies. Agent Miles asked Williams to go with them to see that they honored their neutrality, and to prevent some unwarranted attack by a cavalry troop. James Morrison, an agency employee was to go and help. He was a good choice as he was married to the daughter of Big Mouth, one of the Arapaho chiefs.

Snow was on the ground when the hunters pitched camp on the Washita River near the site of the Black Kettle massacre. One afternoon, it came as a complete surprise to see some Cheyenne warriors ride into camp, led by Stone Calf, one of the raiding chiefs. He wanted to talk to Williams about the other German sisters being held in his camp.

Stone Calf reported that the girls had been traded from band to band, winding up with his people. He wanted to release them in exchange for some prisoners held by the military, but Williams stood up to him and said it wouldn't work. Release the girls to him and they would go to Darlington, he demanded. This angered some of the Cheyennes, but the presence of the Arapahoes in strength soon caused them to reconsider. Williams went with Stone Calf and boldly walked into the camp and demanded to see the girls, Catherine and Sophia. They greeted Williams with tear-streaked faces and poured out a story of beatings and sexual assaults.

Within two days, Stone Calf and his band were on their way to Darlington. Williams led the way with the girls under his protection. Ironically, not a single soldier was seen on the entire journey. In fact, it came as a complete surprise to the army when Williams and the Indians rode in and pitched camp. Until that time, the whereabouts of Stone Calf's band was unknown.

Williams and Stone Calf went at once to General Nelson A. Miles and put the girls into his care. History has recorded that the egotistical Miles and the army took full credit for recovering the German

EXHIBITED

sisters. They had no part in the actual rescue and only received them as Stone Calf voluntarily gave them up.

Williams next turned his attention to other duties and took action against the numerous horse thieves and robbers operating in the area. With his five- feet eleven-inch athletic build and a full flowing beard, he was easy to recognize and was known as a lawman to avoid. A revolver always was attached to his cartridge belt, but he depended more on the Henry rifle he carried in the crook of his arm.

Outlaws were robbing stores, raiding freighters, and stealing horses from the Indians and whites alike. One band was led by the Lee brothers, operating from hideouts in the breaks along the South Canadian River. Williams received a warrant for the arrest of the eldest Lee brother who was last seen at a stage station south of the Agency.

Picking up Lee's trail, Ben followed it south past the Washita River to an old abandoned log house. From a distance of three hundred yards, Lee was spotted standing in the doorway of the cabin, looking back down the trail. A large open area was directly in front of the cabin, making it impossible for anyone to surprise him.

Luckily, Ben spotted a wagon and driver coming down the trail toward the cabin. Moving to where he could stop the driver, and still be hidden from view, Williams waited. When the wagon pulled up, he flashed his badge and told the driver: "I'll lie in the bed while you drive straight for the cabin making plenty of noise. When you get there, I'll jump out and you keep moving."

Williams would later write: "The plan almost worked. At just the right time, I jumped out of the wagon and pointed my rifle at Lee. He went for his pistol and I fired from the hip, hitting him in the chest. As he slumped forward, he made one last effort to shoot. I didn't want to shoot him, but he gave me no choice."

After three years as a lawman, Ben left the service and began dri-

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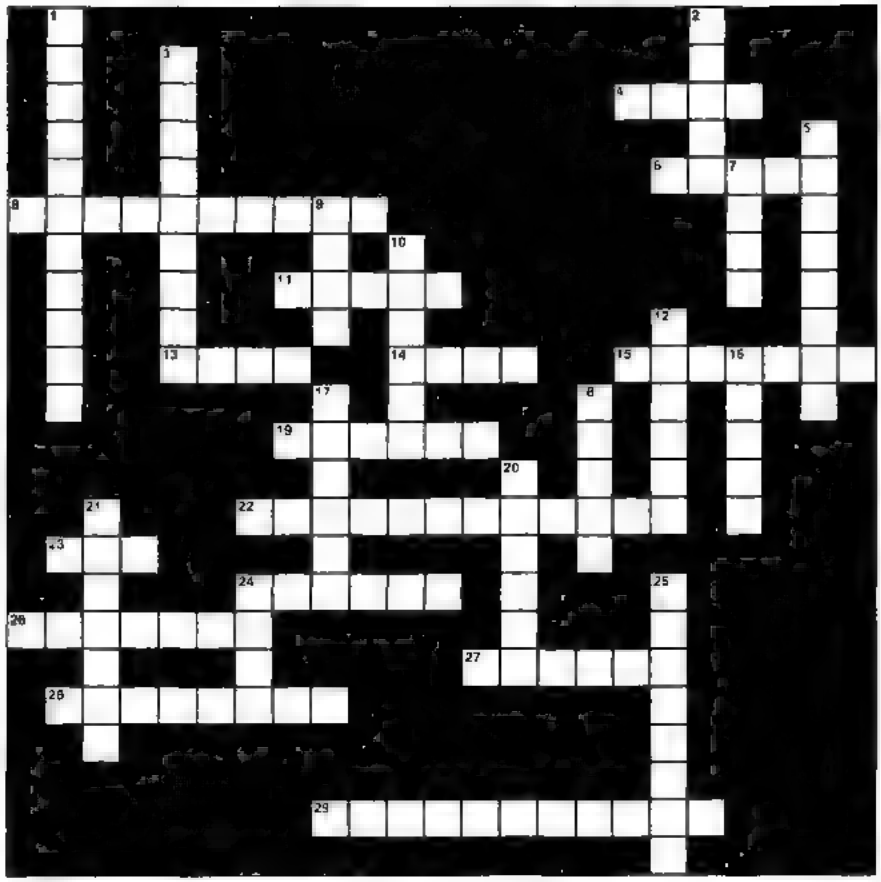
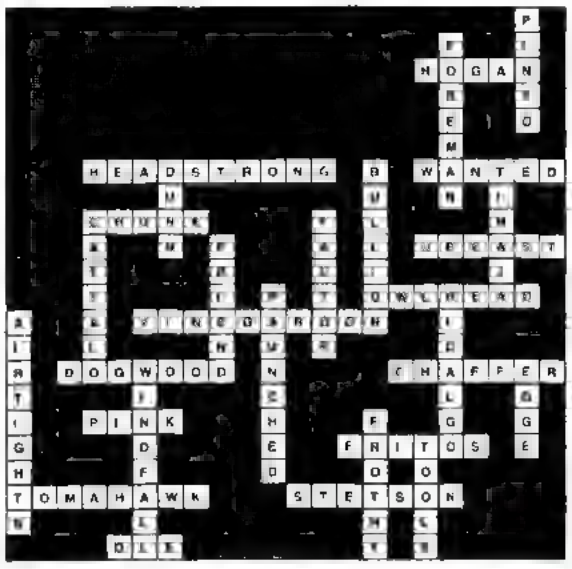


Across

4. Killed by Horn
6. To argue or wrangle
8. New Year's dinner
11. In bad taste or tacky
13. Fat from beef or mutton
14. To deceive with a tall tale
15. To beat or whip with a pistol
19. The leader or boss
22. A wonder or marvel
23. Billy's brother
24. Of low grade, inferior
26. A supernatural spell
27. Clown or buffoon
28. Cherokee for water lily
29. A blue catfish

Down

1. Buried in Deming
2. Spanish for jug
3. Backwoods
5. A sore or boil
7. To beat severly
9. A large amount
10. A wooden maul used to split rails
12. A pepper mill
16. Jesse's brother
17. Jim Miller's wife
18. Cold or bitter
20. Author of *Stirrup High*
21. Author of *Some Went West*
24. A damp spot created by a spring
25. To cheat or take advantage of



Solution in next month's True West.

Solution to last month's puzzle.

ving a stage between Darlington and Caldwell, Kansas. On one of his trips, he met a school teacher on her way to one of the Indian schools. After a whirlwind courtship, they married and moved west to a beautiful springfed canyon Ben had spotted on one of his trips.

The land he had chosen was still buffalo country and he and his brother-in-law made their first year expenses by shooting and skinning buffalo. The hides, hauled to Mobeetie, Texas, averaged one dollar a hide.

Williams thought he had located in Oklahoma, but, to his surprise, his homestead was several miles west of the 100th Meridian in what is now Wheeler County, Texas. He called his new home Hackberry Springs, but after a post office was established, the name was changed to Affie, in honor of his wife. When Wheeler County was organized around 1880, Ben was named a county commissioner.

As the country became settled, most of the new neighbors were southerners and some of them, knowing Williams was an ex-Union soldier, would bait him and make snide remarks. Ben knew he had a quick temper and feared he might do something to retaliate, so he decided to sell out and leave the country. He didn't want to be involved in revengeful bloodshed and be considered a "fighting Quaker."

He took his family and moved to San Jose, California. Until his death in 1908, he was sure that at least one Army officer was promoted partly because of his taking credit for rescuing the German girls from Stone Calf.

The part played by Ben Williams never made the reports.

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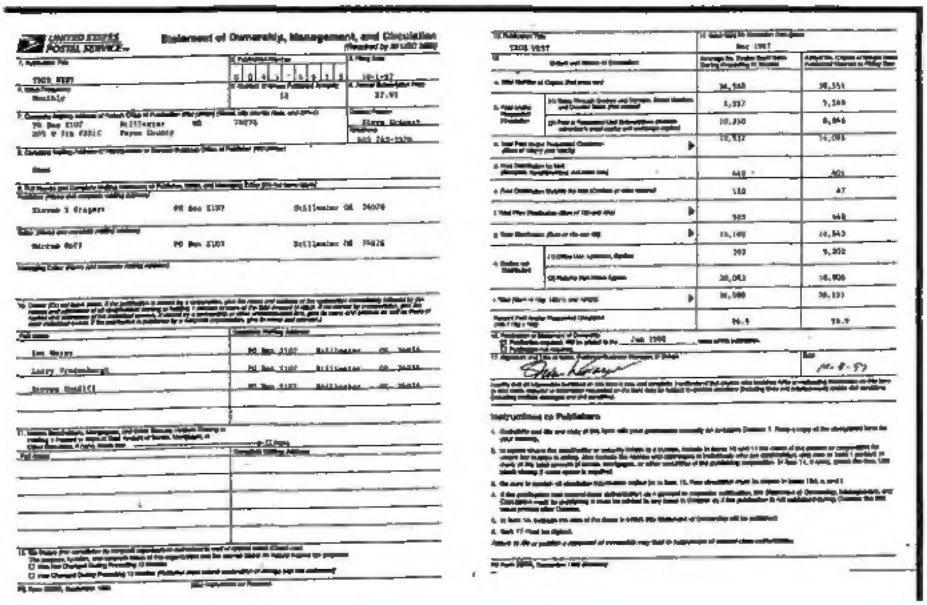
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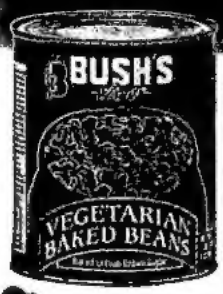

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